

*THE*  
*American Girl*

APRIL 1949

20 cents a copy



## HOW A SUCCESS COURSE NEARLY PUT ME IN RETIREMENT



**1. Ouch!** My favorite Christmas present just boomeranged! Yes—that success course (Aunt May's present) *did* pare off the pounds till I'm now slim, trim, and streamlined. But Bob, our dreamboat class president, *still* doesn't know I exist!



**2. Why should he?** I'm stuck with my stylish stout wardrobe. Matronly garments that fit like bags. I need everything new (and glamorous, please). But my baby-sitting proceeds won't stretch *that* far!



**3. I'm wishfully** window-shopping when I get a tip-off. Two dreamily dressed girls, admiring a creation, say, "It would be a cinch to *make*—now we've learned how at the SINGER Teen-Age Sewing Course! And for a third the price!"

**4. I rush** to investigate. Only \$8 for the course! I sign up. Such fun! I make a luscious outfit while I learn. And whew, the *savings!* So . . . now I'm really a new woman . . . with a *fitting* wardrobe. Perfect for cokes with Bob, biking with Bob, dancing with Bob . . . to my SINGER SEWING CENTER . . . Thanks!

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\* The dress illustrated requires  $7\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35" material for size 12. The pattern number may be obtained from your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.

# THE American Girl

## CONTENTS for APRIL, 1949

### FICTION

|  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| Wings to the Rescue . . . . .          | Sally Knapp 5              |
| Lucky Leven . . . . .                  | Phyllis A. Whitney 8       |
| Elena Finds Tomorrow, Part V . . . . . | Florence Crannell Means 12 |

### ARTICLES

|                                |                        |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Atomics for Teens . . . . .    | David E. Lilienthal 10 |
| Let's Go Birding . . . . .     | Susan E. Goodman 14    |
| Fish Story (Recipes) . . . . . | Judith Miller 17       |
| Teen Testnaire . . . . .       | Mildred Hooper 18      |

### FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Facts on Figures . . . . .               | Elinor Cenedella 16 |
| Denim Dresses Up . . . . .               | Carol Dancis 19     |
| The American Girl Picks Cotton . . . . . | Carol Dancis 20     |
| The Crisp Look (Patterns) . . . . .      | 22                  |
| Teen Shop Talk . . . . .                 | Jonni Burke 26      |
| Our April Cover . . . . .                | 49                  |

### FEATURES

|                                     |                       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A Penny for Your Thoughts . . . . . | 28                    |
| Speaking of Movies . . . . .        | Carol Crane 30        |
| It's New! . . . . .                 | Lawrence N. Galton 34 |
| Conservation Piece . . . . .        | Barbara Swift 36      |
| All Over the Map . . . . .          | 38                    |
| Easter Frills . . . . .             | 42                    |
| Books . . . . .                     | Marjorie Cinto 46     |
| Jokes . . . . .                     | 48                    |
| In Step With the Times . . . . .    | Lloyd Weldon 50       |

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VOLUME XXXII

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NUMBER IV

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\*Residual shrinkage less than 1%

# Are you in the know?



## What's the best makeup remover?

- ☐ Soap and water
- ☐ Cold cream
- ☐ Smooching

Avast there, matey! Best you *first* slip make-up off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex\* Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too... with the aid of Kotex and that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection... self-assurance!



## For the lowdown on that N. M. I. T.—

- ☐ Read his palm
- ☐ Pry into his past
- ☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!) — your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, you can depend on *Kotex* — for *Kotex* prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* don't show, don't tell!



## Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

- ☐ Shell pumps
- ☐ Buckles n' bows
- ☐ Dark-hued shoes

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big, silver or cut steel buckles, or soft perky bows—to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for *you* is important—and so (on certain days) is your choice of *Kotex* absorbencies. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super *Kotex*.



## What would you do in this situation?

- ☐ Smile and switch
- ☐ Keep on dancing
- ☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your book-

ings—switch to the comfort of the new *Kotex*. Talk about a dream-cloud! *Kotex* has *softness that holds its shape*—because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it. Dance after dance, you stay comfortable!



*More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins*

\*U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



## Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid


Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, *Quest Deodorant Powder* doesn't just mask odors. *Quest destroys* them. Safely. *Positively*. To avoid offending, buy a can of *Quest Powder* today!



**Quest  
Deodorant  
Powder**

Ask for it by name



# Wings to the Rescue

by Sally E. Knapp

Illustrated by WILLIAM TIMMINS

ELLIE put the red seaplane straight up into a cloudless aquamarine sky. She made a left turn, eased the pressure on the stick and adjusted the stabilizer until the ship was flying by itself, then reached both arms above her head and stretched as luxuriously as the narrow cockpit would permit. "What perfect flying weather!" she gloated. "Not a ripple, not a bump—just sailing along through the sky. Could anything be more wonderful?" She hummed a few snatches of a song, and gave a gleeful yodel as she made another turn and headed back toward land.

Suddenly she was aware of an almost imperceptible change in the steady hum of the engine. Quickly her gay mood gave way to apprehension. What was wrong? She nervously checked, then stiffened as the motor coughed heavily.

The engine sputtered once more, then quit. The sudden silence made Ellie tremble. Her hands seemed glued to stick and throttle, her mouth



felt dry. Rigid with fear, she allowed the seaplane to assume a normal glide by itself. The safety of the bay seemed so far away, the treacherous land so close below. She made a 180° turn into the wind, expecting the metal pontoons to brush a treetop at any moment.

"I've got to make it to the water." Panic froze her mind as she pulled back on the stick. "I'm almost there." She pulled back harder. The little red plane trembled as the edge of the bay passed underneath. She felt the ship quiver and thought, "This is it—I'm stalling!" She tried frantically to ease back pressure on the stick, but it was too late. The plane dropped down and hit the water with a resounding smack. A loud crack grated on her ears as the thin struts between fuselage and pontoons gave way.

Ellie plunged forward, bumping her head and skinning her knees as the plane lurched sharply. She felt the cold salt water rushing in as the plane settled slowly, its nose under several feet of water, its tail high in the air.

"I'll never be a pilot!" she thought, her shoulders hunched in complete dejection. "I get rattled in a tight spot. Maybe I'd better give up right now and take that job with Aunt Mabel." She sighed, shaking the salt drops out of her hair. "But how can I, when I love flying so!"

When she raised her head, she saw a launch. Her friend and instructor, Chuck Stacy, was in the bow, bearing down upon her at full speed. Jean Harris, another of his students, was sitting beside him.

"Ellie, what happened?" Chuck called anxiously across the stretch of blue-green water. He cut the motor, letting the boat ride in alongside the seaplane.

"The motor quit back over the land—I got panicky—tried to stretch the glide to the water instead of landing on the beach—ship fell out from under me," she jerked out.

"That's nothing," Jean consoled. "Don't worry, Ellie. It's just a broken strut. The ship will be flying again tomorrow. These things happen every day around airports."

"Sure, Ellie," Chuck added. "Everything's okay. Come on, let's get you dried off, kid." He helped her out of the cockpit into the launch and wrapped his jacket around her before he again started the motor.

Back at the hangar, Ellie spread her shoes and socks out in a neat line on a bench. "I'll have to let my slacks dry on me—I haven't any others down here—but it won't take long with this warm sun," she said cheerfully. But her brown eyes looked despairingly out over the cool green waters of the inlet that was a part of the Gulf of Mexico.

Chuck caught the look. "El, don't spin in." He sat down beside her and put an arm around her shoulders. "You mustn't let a little crack-up bother you. If you want to be a flying nurse, you can't let the first tough going throw you off your course."

Ellie was silent for a moment, thinking of the bargain she had made with her mother, who didn't want Ellie to be either a flier or a nurse. If she didn't make good within the regular thirty-five flying hours of the course given at the seaplane base, she had agreed to give up "this crazy idea" and take the job which her aunt had offered in a flower shop.

## Was Ellie's dream of becoming a flying nurse just "a crazy idea"? This was her chance to prove that she could qualify

"If I don't make good—" she choked over the words. "Oh, I can't possibly fail! I just can't stand not to be a flier—a flying nurse!"

"I don't see why you're having so much trouble." Jean sounded genuinely puzzled. "You've had nine hours of dual and four solo already."

"Be quiet, Jean," Chuck said sharply. "Talking like that won't make Ellie feel any better. We can't all be natural pilots like you," he added, "and they don't always make the best fliers in the long run, either."

He turned to Ellie. "The ship will be oiled and the struts mended tomorrow—ready to fly again. You be ready, too."

"I've got to be," Ellie straightened up. "I can't let this get me down. If you'll see me through, Chuck," she smiled up into his worried face, "I'll start all over again tomorrow."

Several weeks later, Ellie was heading back toward the base after practicing solo spins high over the Louisiana countryside. She watched the rice fields, with their strange, curled patterns, spread out below her. In the month since she had nose-dived into the bay, her flight progress had been very slow. She still lacked confidence in her ability to act in an emergency, and her flight test with the C.A.A. inspector was approaching.

"But it's so wonderful!" she exulted as she lowered the window and took several gulps of the delicious air. "When I'm up here my heart is so light—I'm so singing inside—that I can't really worry about anything."

She knew that eventually she would have to come to earth, and the cold dread of failure would seep into her heart again; fear of flunking the test, of failing Chuck after he had worked so hard with her. And Jean, a naturally good pilot, might interest him more than a poor dub without any air sense!

It was a windy day. Dark nimbus clouds had been threatening rain since early morning. The current in the Gulf was marked with white streaks against the bottle-green water.

She swooped low over the spot,  
watching for some sign of Jean

Timmons



Sharp waves broke against the inlet shore. Ellie drank deeply of every sensation of the moment, then turned back reluctantly toward the base.

The air was rapidly growing rougher. The little ship was buffeted from side to side by the rising wind, and it was beginning to rain hard. The Gulf waters lashed at the pontoons as she taxied the seaplane up on the ramp, cut the switch, and climbed out.

"Just made it in time," she shouted to the mechanic, as she helped him get the plane on a dolly and roll it into the hangar. "The weather up there certainly is getting fierce!"

He nodded agreement. "The radio says it's going to be another cloudburst. Maybe a flood, like that one we had about three months ago!" He closed the hangar door and scrambled after Ellie into the office. (Continued on page 24)

Madelon spread the tattered things out on the rug. "My costume," she said in a soft voice. "Paris in the spring!"

# Lucky 'Leven

by Phyllis A. Whitney

Illustrated by ALAN HUGHES

I WAS worried about taking Madelon to Claire Carr's that afternoon. Not that I wasn't thrilled about suddenly acquiring a French cousin I'd never seen before. (Well, anyway, half French, because of her mother, who'd married my uncle, John King.) But Claire had made such a fuss over the importance of this meeting, and she'd sounded pretty exclusive about the whole thing. Just ten of us altogether—"the *crème de la crème* of the senior girls," was the way she'd put it.

Then Madelon arrived a whole day earlier than we'd expected, and even without the look Mother gave me, I wouldn't have gone off and left her alone the first afternoon. So I phoned



Peggy was thrilled when her French cousin was counted right in on the most exclusive girls' club in town, but Madelon herself felt differently

Claire and put the situation up to her. She didn't say "No," but she didn't say "Yes" with any enthusiasm. In fact, she sounded ice-cube cool about the whole thing.

There wasn't anybody in our town I admired more than Claire, and it had been wonderful to be special friends with her these last six months before we graduated. I didn't want anything to upset our friendship, but I couldn't desert Madelon, so there I was, taking her along to the meeting and hoping uneasily that it would turn out all right, in spite of Claire's coolness.

Not that Madelon wasn't plenty likable. I glanced at her as she walked down Elm Street at my side, and experienced the same sort of smothery feeling I'd had when she'd turned up so suddenly on our front porch, looking little and lost, with big gray eyes in a white face that needed some good American sunshine.

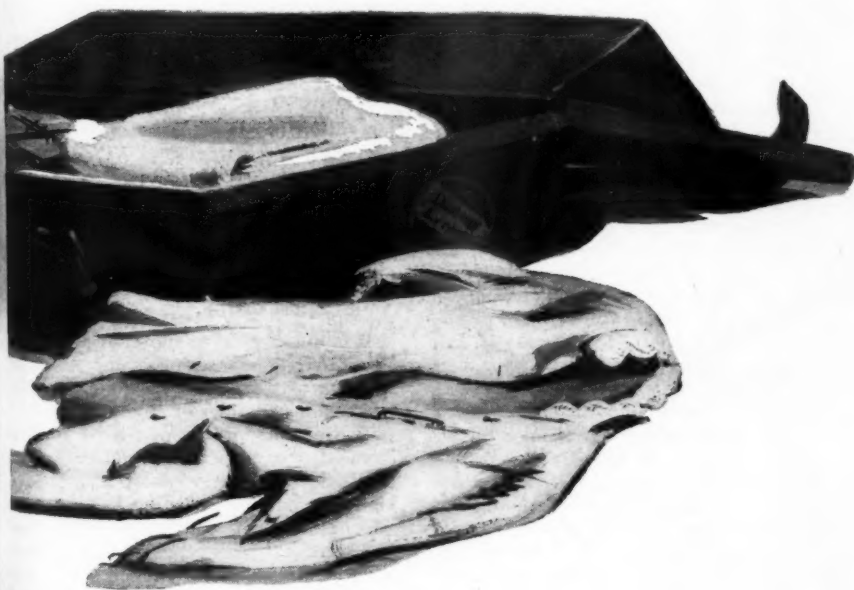
Now she walked along with her chin in the air and her curly dark head bobbing at the level of my shoulder.

"I like it, Margaret," she said. "Your America."

"It's yours, too," I reminded her quickly. "I'm glad you're going to stay with us until Uncle John gets settled in his new job. But look, Madelon, everybody calls me Peggy."

She repeated the name after me and I noticed again how pleasant English words sounded in her mouth. I suppose I'd been half afraid I wouldn't be able to understand her, though after her mother had died during the war she had lived in England, as well as with relatives in southern France.

"Here we are," I said, turning in at Claire's. And then—mainly, I suppose, to reassure myself—I tried to tell her a little about Claire. "She's editor of the 'Clarion,' our school paper, this term, and she's a wonderful leader. She's good at everything she does. The seniors were disappointed because she lost out on being elected president of S.A.—that's our general School Association. She deserved to get it, but you know how it is. The new kids, freshmen and sophomores, haven't been around long enough to have any sense about who's really good."



Claire herself came to the door and she was polite to Madelon, but still cool, and I knew she was less than pleased with me.

We were the last to arrive, so Claire took us right down to the big game room in the basement and got the meeting started. I'd always admired the ease with which she could act as presiding officer. Rules of order terrify me, but Claire takes club routine as if she'd been born with a gavel in her hand.

This, we realized at once, was no social affair, but a business meeting. Folding chairs had been placed in a semicircle and a card table set up in front with some note paper and pencils on it.

"Peggy," Claire called to me, "will you act as secretary until we vote in some regular officers? That is, if we get that far. Depends on how the rest of you feel."

I groaned and sat down at the card table, knowing only too well that if a secretary was going to be elected, I'd be it. I always was.

Then Claire rapped for order, the buzzing stopped, and nine seniors and one French girl all looked at Claire.

"I'm going to lay my cards right on the table," she told us. "This is a rebellion."

There was a sparkle in her eyes and a tilt to her chin that most of us knew from past experience. It meant there might be fireworks and there'd certainly be action. What Claire decided to do, she does, and the recent S.A. defeat was about the only time I could remember when she had not come out on top with all flags flying.

"Oh, I know," she went on, "what some people are going to say. They're going to accuse me of not being able to take a beating. I don't care about that, so long as you girls know better. But I do think that with just six months before we graduate, we ought to break a few traditions, not only for our own sake, but for those who come after us."

Jo Emerson, who is enthusiastic about breaking anything, from teacups to curfews, sang out, "Sounds good. Such as?"

"School clubs," Claire answered. "You know how it goes—the Art Club, Athletic Club, Home Ec Club, S.A. and all the rest. Everything with a purpose behind it, and a teacher sponsor really running things. Nothing just for fun. Nothing just ours. What I have in mind would be the most exclusive club in school. We'd number ourselves exactly ten—the Lucky Ten—and nobody else could get in no matter what."

"Just ten girls?" Mary Brady asked so mournfully that everybody laughed. Lately Mary'd been dating Larry Sawyer, who was captain of practically everything that had to do with sports. Mary wanted Larry in on whatever she did.

But Claire nodded firmly. "As far as the club proper goes, yes. But when it comes to having fun, that's something else. We can throw a party here in our basement next week if we want to."

"And then we'd be twenty?" Jo put in wisely.

Claire rapped on the table with her pencil. She didn't like out-of-order interruptions. While the laughter died down I looked across at Madelon and saw how bright her eyes were with interest and eagerness. I couldn't help but rush in and I wagged a finger at Claire. She gave me the floor and I plunged.

"How about Lucky 'Leven for a name?" I suggested. "Then we could count Madelon in."

For just a second Claire looked so annoyed that I regretted my impulsiveness. But even while Madelon turned pink and began to wave her hands in graceful (and very French) protest, the friendly smile came back to Claire's mouth. I felt a quirk of disloyalty because it seemed to me that a bit of calculation went with the smile.

But she was gracious enough. "That's a wonderful idea, Peggy. Having Madelon will be a real asset. In fact, that gives me an inspiration for our first (Continued on page 34)

David E. Lilienthal



# Atomics for Teens

by David E. Lilienthal

Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

I WANT to tell you about something so small that it has never been seen, so empty that it consists for the most part of nothing at all, and yet so important that it will play a dominant part in your life as far into the future as we can see.

That something is the atom.

We who think of grains of sand as small have difficulty imagining the infinitesimal minuteness of an atom. We can gain some idea of its size when we realize that the head of a pin can easily hold several hundred times as many atoms as there are people in all of the world!

It is this unimaginably tiny particle of matter that has, since the beginning of time, held one of nature's most closely guarded and awesome secrets: the secret of atomic energy.

Atomic energy is not just another form of energy, like electricity or heat. Atomic energy is much more fundamental than that. It is the basic type of energy which comes to us from the sun; the type of energy that makes plants grow, that makes the day light, that makes life possible here on our planet.

You have already been given a demonstration of the tremendous power of this energy in the explosion of the atomic bomb, and you probably have heard reports also about how atomic energy, properly harnessed, can bring unimaginable benefits to mankind. Already the radioactive materials produced by atomic energy are helping agricultural scientists

to develop new and better crop strains; feeds and feeding techniques; new and better methods for using fertilizers and insecticides.

More and more will the by-products of the new science be used to search out the causes of disease, and to ease the sufferings of the afflicted. Today, an increasing number of people in the United States and many foreign countries are receiving treatment for such diseases as chronic leukemia and polycythemia vera with Phosphorus 32, produced in the atomic pile at Oak Ridge. Radioactive iodine, too, is being used to diagnose, and in some cases treat, cancerous thyroid glands. At Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, a number of patients have been treated with radioactive gold for certain types of leukemia and allied diseases.

Into the commercial channels of the world, also, atomic industry will bring a whole new set of products and processes. Already, as a by-product of research with nonradioactive substances at one of the Commission's laboratories, it has brought about a new plastic family—the fluorocarbons, used in high-frequency radio equipment. Because of atomic energy, too, there will be a whole new vocabulary—such words as “neutrons” and “reactor” will be as commonplace to your generation as “carburetor” or “radio tube” have been to mine.

Certainly, then, the discoveries of atomic science will have an increasingly direct effect on your life. And so that you can play your own highly important

part in the atomic age, you will want to know about these discoveries.

In the first place, all of us today should know something about the atom itself—that most of an atom is empty space and that the little solid matter in it is in the form of a miniature solar system, much like the solar system of which our earth is a part.

The center of the atom, called the nucleus, corresponds roughly to the sun of our solar system, and its other particles, called electrons, whirl about the nucleus much in the same manner as the planets of our solar system whirl about the sun.

It is the nucleus of the atom that concerns the atomic scientist, for it is the splitting of the nucleus that releases the tremendous energies of atomic power.

The nucleus of one particular type of atom, that of a form of uranium known as U-235—releases, when split, a special kind of atomic bullet known as a neutron, which in turn can split the nuclei of other U-235 atoms. This process, once started, is known as a “chain reaction,” and it is upon this chain reaction that the entire structure of the atomic age is being built. An uncontrolled chain reaction is what causes the tremendous explosion of an atomic bomb, and a controlled chain reaction is what takes place in an atomic furnace, frequently called a “nuclear reactor.”

Man expects to make useful electric power out of the chain reaction in an atomic furnace, and materials made radio-



**Left:** A laboratory scientist shows teen-agers the glass "doughnut," which is part of a giant machine for smashing atoms

**Far left:** High-school students, "Brain-busters" of a radio quiz, answer questions on economic aspects of atomic power

**Below:** Volunteers from science classes man one of the atomic-energy exhibits at New York City's Golden Jubilee Exposition

**Bottom:** Art students at White Plains High work on a mural for the school hall. It depicts good and evil forces of atomic energy

United States Atomic Energy Commission

## Chairman Lilienthal of the Atomic Energy Commission talks to you about something so tiny it's never been seen—yet it's one of the biggest things in your life

active in such a furnace can be used in medicine, agriculture, and industry for the betterment of mankind. In a reactor a new man-made element, plutonium—another material that can support an atomic chain reaction—can be created out of a type of uranium known as U-238.

But it is not enough to understand this basic physical reaction. Every young person today will want to go on from there and find the answers to many important questions—how and why is the atomic-energy industry subject to Government control in the United States; how does the Atomic Energy Commission operate; what goes on in the huge factories and laboratories used in the atomic-energy program?

At Hanford, Washington, for example, you will find that plutonium is manufactured in the great atomic piles; U-235 is produced from the ordinary uranium in the giant separation plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee; beneficial radioactive materials known as "radioisotopes" are made in the atomic pile at Oak Ridge, and atomic weapons are developed in the remote, mountaintop laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. At Chicago, Illinois; Patchogue, Long Island; Schenectady, New York; and Berkeley, California, there are huge labora-

tories for atomic-energy research.

Perhaps most of all, you should know why the United States wants atomic energy to be placed under effective international control. You should know the difference between the plan of the majority of the United Nations, the plan supported by the United States, and the Soviet Union's proposal for achieving international control.

"But how can I find out about all of this?" you wonder. "How can I go about gathering information that will help me play my part in this exciting new atomic age?"

It is not hard, for the basic information is not difficult to understand, and already there is a vast amount of fascinating material readily available in books, films, newspapers, and magazines.

There are, in fact, many ways to answer your question, and today teen-agers in cities, towns, and rural areas—in their schools, town halls, libraries, churches, and groups such as the Girl Scouts and 4-H Clubs—are gaining an understanding of atomic energy.

In the White Plains, New York, high school (where the subject of atomic energy has run through every course of study) art students painted for their school hall a large mural, symbolizing the forces of atomic energy—the destructive

(Continued on page 47)





"Senorita," will you honor me?" he asked. Elena was angry that her heart beat so

#### THE STORY SO FAR

With the money from the cherry harvest, orphaned Elena Trujillo hoped to escape from Mirador, the sleepy New Mexican village where she lived with her grandmother, doña Lucita, and her great-grandfather, don Cirilo. But doña Lucita broke her leg and because of initial neglect—there were no doctors in Mirador—it promised to heal slowly, if at all. The nursing and all the myriad tasks of a primitive Spanish homestead fell to the girl. Letters from her brother, Emilio, and the handsome Natán who figured largely in her dreams, drove her frantic with their tales of the glamorous "Anglo" world of Pueblo where they worked. A neighbor child was run over and died without medical care. Oppressed by Mirador's need, Elena gave up her chance for escape, through the offer of a job in Albuquerque, to work on her brilliant idea for a clinic. She found she would have to shoulder the responsibility almost singlehanded. Then after all her hard work and sacrifice, it looked as if the reluctance of Mirador's people to accept new ways would cause the clinic's failure, until the early detection of diphtheria prevented a possible epidemic and justified its existence. And that was not Elena's only problem, for Joe Rivera asked her to go steady with him and the girl could not make up her mind to give up her dream of the indifferent, faraway Natán to accept the attentions of the eager, close-at-hand Joe.

#### PART FIVE

**T**HE week after the wedding was the busiest of all Elena's busy summer.

"How you have changed, Elena! Now you turn off almost as much work as I did at your age," her grandmother admitted, grudgingly.

"But I do not plaster so well," Elena conceded with unusual modesty. "I ran up to look at the clinic building, Grandmother, and *caramba!* I found a bushel of mud where the roof leaked, when the big storm battered it in." She did not add that Isabella had urged stouter repairs, nor that the pleat of extra muslin in the ceiling cloth was sagging like a hammock. "I must try to get the women and girls to clean it," she added.

Everyone was too busy, however, to be persuaded to do another day's work so, grumbling, she dashed up one evening, determined to do the job singlehanded. She climbed up on the roof with poles, heavy cardboard, and adobe plaster, but before she had finished repairs that seemed to her clumsy but stout, don Cirilo came trudging stiffly up the ravine. Doña Lucita had ordered him to bring her home, and she had to come back the next night to shovel out the mud, scour the floor and the counter.

On the clinic day she was too tired, to do anything but her home chores. At least she would avoid seeing the doctor's critical glances at the stained, baggy ceiling and the drabbed calcimine. And Isabella would not mind doing all the water-carrying, fire-building, and other helping that one day. It would be her last, for she would return to college on Monday, and then Elena would have it all to do alone.

Isabella dropped in to report that evening. "No one came but Amarante and two children," she told Elena disgustedly. "The only decent crowd we've had was that second week, when they came for antitoxin. It's a shame, when we need the

# Elena Finds Tomorrow

by Florence Crannell Means

Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER



clinic so awfully. But I don't know what we can do about it."

"Didn't doña Maria bring Raquel?"

"No, but she has really promised to bring her next time. I should think after her experience with Refugio she wouldn't wait a day. Unless I miss my guess, every day counts with Raquel. She needs care right away."

Elena stopped the ironing she was trying to finish before bedtime and stared at Isabella. "I thought Raquel might need to have her tonsils out. Do you think it's something worse?"

"I suspect rheumatic fever."

Elena groaned. "And there's Sannie with his earaches, and don Juan's José, and that little girl who stumbles as if she were blind. She's a godchild of Joe Rivera's, and he's begged her mother to bring her to the clinic, but she won't budge."

Isabella's interest quickened. "What is all this about you and Joe Rivera, Elena? Surely you are not serious. You are much too young—not out of high school yet. Besides, I always thought you and Natán—he's twice the man Joe is."

"You always thought Natán too good for me!"

Isabella shook her head politely. "Besides, people change as they grow up."

Elena ironed fiercely. "Joe is all right," she mumbled.

ALL week her work was done to the accompaniment of shifting pictures: Joe by the stile in the moonlight, looking at her with wistful admiration; Natán, surrounded by lovely Anglos and not looking at her at all. By Sunday she was weary of the whole thing, and when Joe tapped at the door she greeted him warmly.

"Hi, Elena," he said, flushing with pleasure. "Will you ride up to Valle with me and see my house?"

Don Cirilo, dozing in the shade, sat erect and glared at the young man, but doña Lucita gave her consent, calling from the darkened room, "Have her back in good season, José Rivera."

As they rode, high and conspicuous, in Joe's truck, Elena was glad that the streets were sleepy with siesta.

The house was almost finished. "You don't object to adobe?" he asked anxiously. "It seems a shame to buy expensive lumber when adobe costs nothing."

"I like adobe," Elena agreed uncomfortably. "I like the old-style flat roofs, too, though of course your slanting shingled one is more modern."

Joe's face fell. "But just see the kitchen," he urged, leading her inside. "Cupboards all around, the way Miss Ann showed me, and a breakfast nook like the Anglos', with a window so that you can sit and look at Our Peaks while you eat. Oh, Elena, when will you answer my question? The house could be ready very-very soon."

"But Joe, I am not yet seventeen," she stammered.

"Not seventeen?" he exclaimed. "You look nineteen. I asked my mother, but she remembered only that one of you Trujillos was born during the depression."

"I was." Elena's eyes were troubled. If it had not been depression time, with nobody buying blankets and the valley too proud to go on relief, Elena's mother might have had better

food and care in her serious illness. She might have lived.

"But—" Joe Rivera's gloom seemed lightening, and Elena felt sure he was thinking, "A year wouldn't be too long to wait."

She watched him miserably. How could Felicia enjoy leading boys on, only to turn them down in the end? If only he were six inches taller, and broader in the shoulders, and with a lean, flashing face—if he had more thoughts in his head. But since he wasn't and hadn't, Elena must not let him continue to talk this way. She needed time to think it over.

"Joe," she murmured, "my grandmother said we were to return soon. And I have a letter to write."

"To a boy friend?" Joe flushed darkly.

When she gave no answer but a hardly visible nod, he led the way back to his truck.

So now Elena felt impelled to write the letter which she had used as an excuse.

"Dear friend Natán," she began in her coolest Spanish. "Perhaps I owe you a letter, but I have never been so busy. Did you hear that Connie and Luz were married? I was a bridesmaid, in aqua taffeta. The groomsmen were Mirador boys, except Joe Rivera, an ex-soldier from Valle. Joe has been to the most interesting places in the world." True, though when Joe told about them they all sounded like Española, and not interesting at all. "Today he took me to see his new house, next door to Miss Ann's, and very modern.

"You asked once if I am still all dreams and notions? How can I help it, cooped up here? You may think we young folks should improve things, but the old folks call us crazy if we have a new idea. We do have a new clinic, though, with a nurse and two doctors." Without saying that the clinic was her own project and housed in her father's old store, she signed herself, "*Respetuosamente*, Elena." Thoughtfully she added a postscript: "Though bachelors, the doctors are old, twenty-six and twenty-seven. Strange that I used to think older men dull."

There! That might give Natán something to think about. And if he were no longer interested, well, what did she care?

Yet, a few days later, when doña Benigna handed her a letter in the well-known, vigorous hand, Elena ripped it untidily open before she was outside the post office, her heart bumping her ribs. A voice from behind her made her jump.

"Elena, do you know what d-d-doña Benigna says about the k-killnick?" Like his feet, Amarante's tongue tripped itself with hurry.

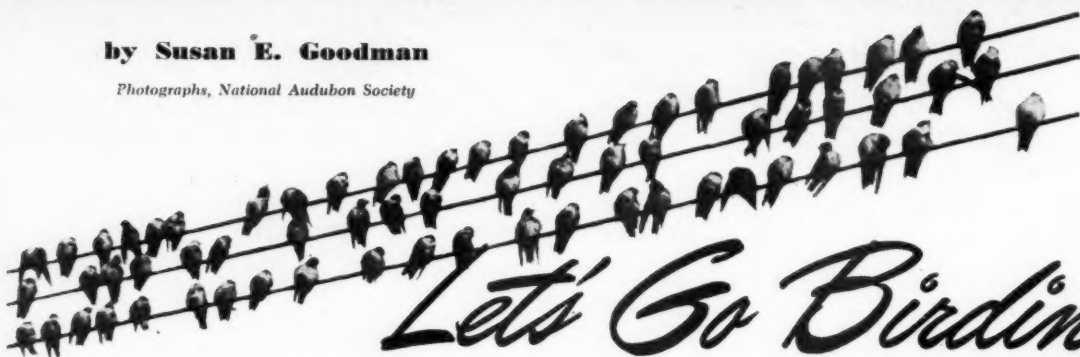
"I do not know, and I care less," Elena snapped. "Run along, Amarante. I have important things on my mind."

Amarante stumbled past looking as if about to cry, but after a moment's self-reproach Elena forgot him.

"Dear friend Elena," she read, "Your letter astonishes me. You are too young to run about with men old enough to be your father." Even Elena, whose sense of humor was not acute, smiled faintly at that. "I cannot see why your folks permit it. They cannot realize how the world has changed. So I think the best thing will be for me to marry you. When you are seventeen. Your folks may say that is too young, but I should feel safer about you. At first we might have (Continued on page 43)

by Susan E. Goodman

Photographs, National Audubon Society



Allan D. Cruickshank

# Let's Go Birding

**H**AVE you ever jacked chucks? Listened for limpkins? Taken a Christmas census? I have. I belong to a bird club.

The Germantown Friends' School in Philadelphia has a very active bird club (it says Ornithological Society on our membership cards). In one school year we went on six week-end trips, and one vacation trip to Florida.

Looking for birds is lots of fun. If you like art, you will be quick to remember which bright color is the mark of which bird. If you're a music lover, bird songs will be easy and fun to learn. And if you're just a plain outdoor girl, tramping through the woods and seeing how many animals, insects, and plants, as well as birds, you can identify, is a delightful pastime.

You can go alone, with your Girl Scout troop, or with any group of people who are interested (hint: coed birding is loads of fun). You can organize a bird club as a school or after-school activity. Even if you live in a big city like New York, do not think that bird walks are out of the question, for in Central Park alone over two hundred species of birds have been noted.

My favorite reason for birding is the places in which birds are found. Different kinds of birds live in different kinds of surroundings, and each territory has its special charm. You, however, may be interested in conservation and in learning about what can be done to protect all the useful wild life in your locality. The study of birds and their relationship to their surroundings—scientists call this ecology—is another phase of bird-watching, and may turn into a lifelong hobby.

There are people who have spent their lives studying the part birds play in nature—why some birds are becoming rare while others are so abundant, which birds are destructive and which are useful. The diet of the misnamed sparrow hawk, for example, consists mainly of grasshoppers, rats, and mice—not sparrows. On the other hand, 95% of the sharp-shinned hawk's fare is small birds. There are more facts like this to be learned by people who are interested in this kind of research. Maybe you are!

Roger Tory Peterson, America's foremost bird artist today, makes a living by writing about, and painting, birds. Ludlow Griscom, of Massachusetts, has seen over 2,500 different species; ornithology has been his lifework. It is also the occupation of many women. Some operate wild-life sanctuaries or work in natural-history museums, and one, Mrs. Rosalie Barrows Edge, started a new conservation movement singlehanded. One of her first steps was to buy a mountain in Pennsylvania where hunters had been shooting thousands of hawks every fall. Today about 5,000 people—armed only with cameras and binoculars—climb to the rocky top of Hawk Mountain every year to watch the annual hawk migration.

Birding requires very little special equipment. The only article most bird-watchers find indispensable is a good pair of field glasses. These are rather expensive, but they contribute to the enjoyment of the birds' colors as well as being an aid to



Don Echeberry

An illustrated handbook; a bird list and pencil; binoculars—standard equipment for birding trips. And note the rugged hiking clothes these girls wear

identification, particularly in fall and winter when most birds do not sing. If you and other members of your group scout around, you probably will be able to borrow a few pairs of field glasses from sports fans or ex Army or Navy people; or if you want to chip in and purchase a pair together, good war-surplus ones can be found. The best glasses for birding are the 6 to 8 power strength. My glasses are 8 x 30's which I borrowed (and had insured!) from an Army colonel. I used ordinary opera glasses on my first few trips, until I was sure that birding was a worthwhile and permanent hobby. You may want to do this, too.

A second requirement for the novice birder (even more important than field glasses) is an experienced person to show you where and when to go, and what to look for. If you are interested in really expert help, the National Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 28, is the place to write. Tell them where you live and ask if there are any organized trips being held near you. Inquire, also, about membership in the Audubon Society, a fine idea for any nature enthusiast. Besides bringing you a richly illustrated magazine with all sorts of interesting material about the bird world, your membership will help to keep the Audubon wild-life preserves operating. Who knows? Maybe soon you will visit one of them, for there are sanctuaries in all parts of the United States.

You will find that most towns have some organization which harbors a bird-watcher or two, and most cities have academies of natural sciences, with organized nature trips that usually are fascinating. See if you can find someone who will be willing to get up early—very early—to look for birds. You will be surprised how fast you can learn the different songs and field

marks, and how much fun it can be, with someone to help you.

Speaking of field marks, it's essential to have at least one good, pocket-size handbook of birds in your group. For speedy field identification, this should have pictures of every bird likely to be seen in your region, as well as brief descriptions of important marks, similar species, habitat, voice, range, and so on. Before the first bird walk, spend an hour or two browsing through the handbook, just to get acquainted with the identification of common birds in your locality. Roger Tory Peterson's "Field Guide to the Birds" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) which covers Eastern land and water birds, is my bible of birding, and I am sure anyone west of the Mississippi would find its twin volume, "A Field Guide to Western Birds," equally helpful. A new, illustrated, paper-covered "pocket" book, also by Roger Tory Peterson (a Mentor Book, 35c) called "How to Know the Birds," contains a great deal of essential information for bird-watchers, and is ideal for any beginner. Of course there are other fine handbooks which you may find available, as well as many volumes of special or regional interest. A library, bookstore, or again the Audubon Society, will be able to give you specific information about these.

I always keep a "bird list" handy, or at least a pencil and paper. A bird list is a printed card with all the birds in a certain locality arranged in order of specialization, from loons to finches. My bird list contains the 388 birds likely to be seen in eastern North America. I bought one hundred lists from the Livingstone Publishing Company, Narberth, Pennsylvania, for two cents each and split them with my friend. We check each species seen, and often the number we see. It is interesting to keep these in a simple file and compare from year to year.

Now you are ready to go birding. You have a warm plaid jacket; heavy dungarees; and sturdy, waterproof (if possible) hiking shoes. "Peterson" is tucked under your arm, and field glasses are slung around your neck. Where to go? When to go? What to look for? Here are a few helpful hints.

The first is how to act. No self-respecting bird club would

admit anyone who continually shouts when whispering would do, or one who forges his (or her, mind you!) way into the bushes just when something rare is about to land. Nor would the kill-joy be welcome—the one who invariably freezes, or roasts, or steps into quicksand, or sprains an ankle and has to be carried. Some difficulties can't be avoided, of course, but birding, like everything else, requires a good deal of poise and watch-where-you're-stepping. You have to be a good sport and be able to stand a little discomfort. (I've been on only two trips when my feet weren't soaked!) You have to be quiet if there's any listening to be done, and you have to walk without any quick motions. Birds are frightened more by sudden mo-

**Right in your own backyard, you can start this exciting hobby! You may follow it to marshes, mountaintops—even into a career**

tion than by sound. Look where you're going, then go where you're looking! Sometimes you hike down a concrete road and sometimes through a trackless marsh. But no matter where you go, follow the leader until you know the ropes.

If there is any patch of field or woodland near you, this will make a good spot for your first expedition. During the spring and fall migrations, the woods are alive with warblers in my part of the country, but in the summer, when many of the warblers move farther north, it is the birds which nest in our locality with which we get acquainted. Nests are not hard to find if you watch where the bird carries his bits of food and nesting material. Once you find a nest with young, there will be endless hours of enjoyment watching mama and papa bird feeding their hungry children—and if you are a camera enthusiast, there will be unusual chances for the kind of exciting snapshots that win prizes in contests!

Most people in the Northern States think that spring and summer are the only seasons for observing bird life. This is far from true. Some of the best trips I have ever taken were in the fall and winter. Furthermore, in winter there is the chance to get acquainted with the birds which visit bird feeders. A bird feeder need be only a shelf on a post in your garden, or even a window sill, with plenty of corn and sunflower seeds, and maybe some suet. You'll never be nearer to a wild bird. Some friends of mine have cardinals, sparrows, and nut-hatches visiting a feeder outside their window, just a few inches from where they sit and watch. I hear them say things like, "Charlie took a peck at Henry yesterday," or "Mildred flew in this morning." You really get just about that friendly.

There are many different types of bird-watching. Some people make a game of it. They try to see how many species they can find in a day or during the trip. This "list-chasing" is done by (Continued on page 30)

Allan D. Cruickshank

Below: Hugo H. Schroder



Fran Hall

Allan D. Cruickshank

**Top: Lunch for a black-throated green warbler family. Walk quietly and have your camera set**

**Left: A bright, rusty tail marks the large red-tailed hawk. He likes to perch on a bare limb**

**Right, above: Florida limpkin, in flight. His wail sounds like a small boy at the dentist's**

**Right, below: A black cap and bib identify the gray chickadee. He pronounces his name for you**

# Facts on Figures



Youthcraft's nylon batiste panty girdle—gentle support for average teen figures

by **Elinor Cenedella**

Drawings by SYLVIA GROSSMAN

**A** GOOD line is something every girl wants! Naturally, this doesn't mean resorting to stays and whalebones of the Gay Nineties. You don't want these—or need them. But unless your figure's super plu-perfect, you'll feel more confident, look trimmer, with a bit of smoothing fore and aft. And because you live in the year 1949, this can be accomplished without discomfort, harm, or loss of freedom. It's a mere matter of control, based on good sense. Here's how it works.

First, check on something that's the very essence of both beauty and health: good posture and a controlled, easy carriage. Granted you know the posture rules—do you obey them? Do you walk with shoulders back, abdomen flat, head held high, and legs moving in an assured, flowing rhythm? Short or tall, lean or chubby, you'll find no better beauty aid than the magic worked simply by standing up straight.

Even if you're very tall—like many fashion models, for example—you never need be awkward. A model actually adds to her graceful appearance



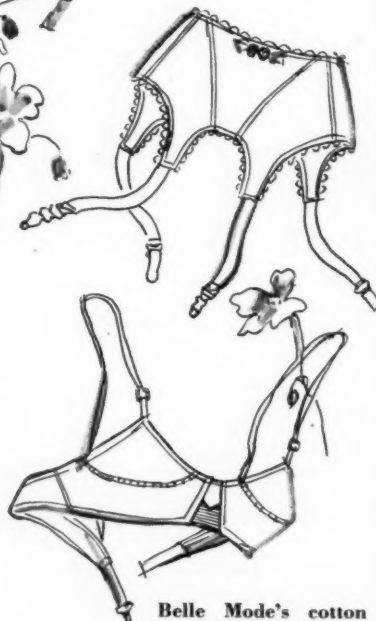
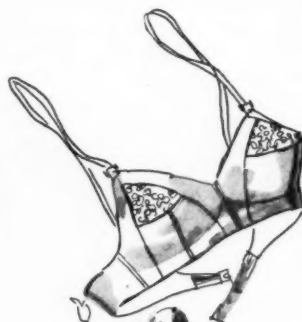
Flexees' satin lastique panel girdle firms a tummy roll or heavier hips

Strapless bras need meticulous fitting! Lovable makes this one

Maiden Form's lace-trimmed model, for average cup sizes, with built-in band



Freedom galore in a nylon and elastic garter belt by Warner. Note scalloped edge



Belle Mode's cotton teen "first bra" comes in small cup sizes only—A and AA

by "standing tall," and most of them use a trick that you might employ. Try concentrating on the feeling that the top of your head is trying to push up toward the ceiling. You'll find it works for beauty.

But maybe you do stand and sit and walk correctly, and still feel you need some help. If so, consider the second method of dealing with your problem—a little extra control from a carefully selected bra and girdle. These, too, can work for beauty.

If you were to talk to your own doctor about foundations, he'd probably begin by giving you some background information on how you grow. The average age of puberty is from the twelfth to the fourteenth year, but it may vary from ten to seventeen or even eighteen. At whatever time nature has set for you, various changes take place in your body, (Continued on page 41)



# Fish Story

by Judith Miller



**R**EMEMBER, fish is not a substitute for meat. It is meat—and it is always in season. In the large Fulton Fish Market in New York City, where Atlantic fishing boats alone unload their tons of fresh fish daily, one hundred and forty varieties of edible fish pass through each year. From many other sea and fresh water ports it is rushed by plane, train, and truck to cities and towns all over the country. Frozen, canned, smoked, and salted fish also are readily available.

Consequently, there is no excuse for serving the same kind of fish over and over again.

**Right:** Try scallops this easy way! They're dipped in egg crumbs, shortening—then baked 20 minutes in a hot oven  
**Below:** Tasty Creole Sauce, containing minced onion, green pepper, paprika, tomatoes, is perfect for fillets



Fishery Council



Birdseye

## MORE RECIPES

Send for your seventeenth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! Including more recipes for fish and shellfish dishes, both hot and cold, this illustrated folder is an important number of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through sixteenth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 33.

The binder for the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe Files may still be ordered. For information on how to get it, see page 33.

When using fat or oil in cooking fish, as in pan-frying, never let the fat reach the smoking point. This will help keep the odor of cooking fish in the pan instead of passing into the room with the smoking fat, to cling to the walls and curtains. If you are concerned with the odor of fish clinging to the hands or cooking utensils after cooking, rub hands and utensils with moistened salt before using soap.

When you go shopping for fresh fish, remember that it's one of the perishable items on your list! Make the fish market your last stop, and fish the first item stored in the refrigerator. It should never stand at room temperature for any length of time, nor—fresh or frozen—should it be allowed to lose its natural flavor by standing in water. If you feel fish must be washed, do so by dipping it in cold, salted water, and dry it immediately with a cloth or absorbent paper. Wrap fish tightly in waxed paper before storing, and keep in the coldest part of the refrigerator until just before cooking.

There is nothing easier to cook than fish if you remember this one fundamental rule: Fish is cooked to *develop flavor*, not to make it tender. It is tender in the raw state, and will toughen, shrink, and dry out if overcooked. All fresh fish is adaptable to the same methods of cooking—broiling, baking, frying, or steaming. Steam fish whenever possible to increase its juiciness. Never boil briskly.

Steamed salmon is a particularly happy choice for spring or summer meals. Use fresh or quick-frozen thick salmon steaks or fillets. Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper and put in a steamer or colander placed over a kettle of boiling water and cover tightly. Steam only until salmon is tender and can be flaked readily with a fork, allowing 10 to 15 minutes per pound, depending upon thickness. If fish is particularly thick, turn once during cooking. With Steamed Salmon, try:

### EGG SAUCE

- |                                   |                             |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 cup milk                  |
| 2 tablespoons flour               | 2 chopped, hard-cooked eggs |
| ½ teaspoon salt                   | 1 teaspoon minced parsley   |
| Speck pepper                      | 1 teaspoon lemon juice      |

Make white sauce from first 5 ingredients. When thickened, add eggs, parsley, and lemon juice. Serve over fish.

(Continued on page 31)

# Teen-Testnaire

by  
**Mildred Hooper**



**W**HEN it comes to poise, to consideration of others, how do you measure up? Here's a test that may throw light on the subject. It's fun to take, and if you really concentrate, we think you'll check all the right answers. More than one wrong? We recommend further daily study in the field of human relations. You'll find the answers on page 25.

**1. You are sitting on the side lines at a dance. No one is paying attention to you. The best thing to do is:**

- (a) Stick like a pattern to the wallpaper.
- (b) Droop like a goop.
- (c) Look pleasant, please!
- (d) Chortle loudly for attention.

Drawings by CLARE McCANNA

**2. You are at a party.** The conversation has turned to a subject about which you know nothing. By all means:

- (a) Yawn ostentatiously and subside into a temporary coma.
- (b) Listen intelligently, and occasionally ask a timely question.
- (c) Make like an "idjit."
- (d) Start washing the dishes.

**3. Your parents** want you to spend occasional free evenings at home. Your reaction is:

- (a) Rebellion. Who wants to sit at home and stitch up an afghan?
- (b) Grim acceptance. I suppose I owe my parents something.
- (c) Anticipation. It's kind of nice having the whole family at home talking, listening to the radio, or popping corn.
- (d) Refusal. Phooey! I'm not going to be stuck at home all evening.

**4. You meet** some of your mother's friends on the street. Try:

- (a) Passing them by without a flicker.
- (b) Smiling, and greeting them by name if possible.
- (c) Crossing over to the other side of the street.
- (d) Curtsying.

**5. You are always** self-conscious. One helpful solution is to:

- (a) Stay at home.
- (b) Criticize people who are better than you in activities.

- (c) Learn something (in music, art, athletics, speech, etc.) and do it especially well.
- (d) Brood quietly in public.

**6. You feel** that you are not allowed enough freedom. Why not:

- (a) Leave school and make your own living. That's one way to be your own boss.
- (b) Go around town criticizing your parents' old-fashioned attitude.
- (c) Try talking your problem over reasonably with your parents.
- (d) Sulk around the house. That always brings a reaction.

**7. The nicest way** to express appreciation to your parents is:

- (a) Buy them expensive gifts.
- (b) Stay at home with them every night.
- (c) Do nothing. After all, you are their daughter and they owe you plenty.
- (d) Be thoughtful and considerate of their likes and dislikes.

**8. If you want** to use the car:

- (a) Consult the family, ahead of time if possible, so that you will not interfere with their plans.
- (b) Take it without asking. You have a right to a few things.
- (c) Throw a temper tantrum if someone else wants the car. You'll get your way.
- (d) Use the car every night. You're only young once.

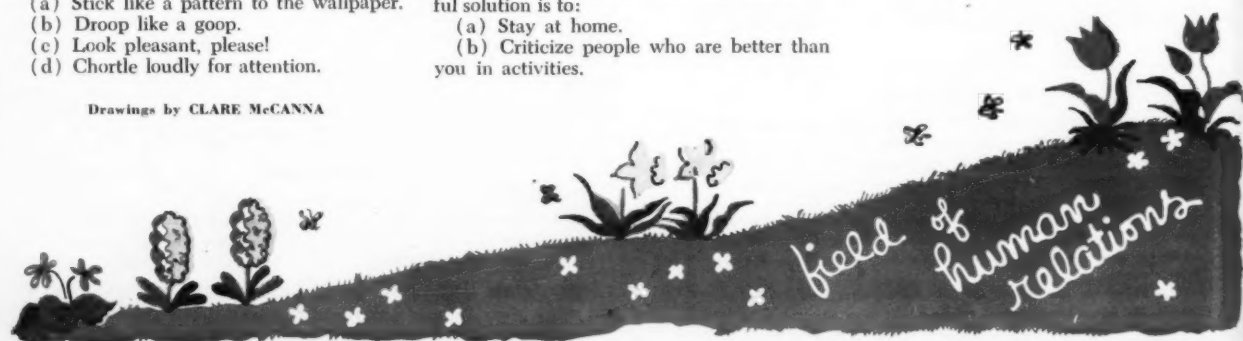
**9. You think** you are homely. Why not:

- (a) Wear a mask.
- (b) Always compare yourself with the most beautiful girl at school.
- (c) Play up your best feature.
- (d) Stay awake at night plotting sabotage against the more fortunate.

**10. Your parents complain** of your extravagance. You might:

- (a) Ignore their *pleas*, and spend as you *please*.
- (b) Charge everything.
- (c) Compromise with an appropriate allowance.
- (d) Never buy anything.

(Now turn to page 25)



Sturdy denim has taken on a new guise. You'll find it's traditional "faded blue" replaced by gay colors, iridescent effects, and pert pin checks. All the denims shown can be had at the Sub-Teen and Teen High Shops, Hudson's, Detroit



## Denim Dresses Up

by  
**Carol Dancis**

*Photographs by Leigh Charell*



Bright shades of denim—a slimming sundress and a jaunty fly-away cape by Saddle Togs, for teen sizes 10-16. About \$7

*Top right:* Match 'em—Touraine's full-flared skirt of iridescent denim and a shirred plaid blouse. In young-teen sizes 10-14, \$4 each

*Center:* Derby uses iridescent denim in a flared jacket and trim pedal-pushers for the young-teen sizes 10-14. About \$8 complete

*Bottom:* Play in pin checks—Neat, cuffed, boy shorts by Active, about \$2; and Saddle Togs' fitted weskit, about \$3. Teen sizes 10-16



# *The American Girl Picks Cotton*



**by Carol Dancis**

*Photographs by Leigh Churell*

For daytime or datetime, this two-piece dress by Teena Paige. Note the pert peplum, the wide wing collar, and the double row of tiny buttons down the jacket. Of Reeves' woven cotton cord, it comes in sizes 7-15 for the teen. About \$11

Sandra Lee uses a Dan River cotton plaid and a dash of white for this smooth-fitting dress. It has a wide Empire waistband that is beautifully set off by a soft boat neckline edged with a piqué cuff. In teen sizes 10-16, it costs about \$9



As the days grow longer and the sun burns stronger, it's time to pick cotton. It's time for cool cotton dresses that are washable, starchable, and smart. This year's styles, with clean cut lines are more flattering than ever; the fabrics have more captivating colors, more exciting patterns. Here are crisp cottons you'll wear from spring through summer, from dawn through dusk. These fashions are at stores listed on page 49.

Under the fitted bolero of this convertible outfit by Children's House is a charming sundress. Two panels of contrasting colors trim the jacket and are repeated on the bodice beneath. Of Bates broadcloth, in young-teen sizes 10-14. About \$13

Eyelet edges the neck and the puffed sleeves of this dainty dress. The flared skirt with a bold scroll print is topped by a jaunty peplum. Made of J. P. Stevens' piqué, it is designed by Tweena for young-teen sizes 10-14. Yours for about \$8

# The Crisp Look

**4803:** "Swing your partner" in this gay coverall with cutout back, skirt buttoned to the hem, rickrack trim. Use Nashua Indian Head poplin and add floral embroidery—pattern includes transfer. For sizes 12-18; 16 takes  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35" fabric

**9008:** A very special dress for summer in sizes 10-16, with a double-ruffle skirt to whirl gaily as you dance and a yoke that makes a bright splash of contrast. For size 12 you will need  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35" material, and an additional  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard for contrast

**4827:** Cool as a breeze, and easy to make, this dress is designed for juniors, in sizes 11-17. Make one version with a bare midriff, if you like, and another with a triangle inset of contrasting material for accent. Size 13 calls for  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 35" fabric



These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 27. Please do not order patterns shown in issues previous to April, 1947, as they are no longer available. Choose similar styles from the current issues.

**4978:** Plain and striped chambray combine smartly in a frock to see you around the clock from May to September. Sizes 10-16. If you're size 12, you'll need  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35" fabric, and another  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard for contrast

**9049:** Smooth as cream for graduation, with eyelet yokes, basque top, lantern skirt. For sizes 12-18, and shown here with Samuel Ehrman's eyelet. Size 16 takes  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35" material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard eyelet for the yokes

**9143:** It's the perfect formal for graduation or the prom—or, in the shorter length, for all kinds of summer fun! It is designed for juniors who wear sizes 11-17, and in size 13 you'll need 6 yards of 39" material



9143



4978

9049



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## Wings to the Rescue

(Continued from page 7)

"I wish Jean Harris hadn't gone up again!" he said, as he slammed the door on the wind and rain.

"You mean Jean is still up, in this weather?" Ellie gasped.

"She said she had to get in a few more hours before her test on Saturday, and that Chuck had given his O.K.—which I'm now beginning to doubt. She took off right after you left."

"Don't worry," he added, seeing Ellie's anxious frown, "even she wouldn't be pig-headed enough not to land when this storm broke. She's probably sitting over at the Delmar airport right now, cooling off her temper as well as her motor. Come on, hop in my car and I'll give you a lift home. It's coming down in tanks full, and we'd better get going."

ELLIE'S uneasy feeling grew as she listened to the broadcasts about the flood conditions. "River has overflowed its banks—main highways under two feet of water—telephone lines down in many sections—high winds—torrent expected to continue through the night."

She tried the phone—it was dead. "I hope Jean had a chance to call home before the wires went down," was her last thought before she went to bed.

In the morning the heavy torrent had dwindled to a light drizzle, but as Ellie looked out of the farmhouse window into the valley below, grass, roads, low bushes, and rice fields were blanketed by water. Houses were queer, sawed-in-half objects. Chickens sat on the roofs of their coops; animals, on the highest spots they could find, were knee-deep in mud and water. She saw no signs of human life anywhere.

Chuck's whistle sounded outside just as she was finishing breakfast. "He couldn't drive through this!" Ellie said to her mother as she ran to the front door.

"Hey, El, I couldn't get the car out of the mud, so I came by boat." He swung his small boat up to the porch steps and tipped back the outboard motor. "Let's go down to the base and see if the storm did any serious damage. If Jean is with you, ask her if she wants to go along."

"Jean?" Ellie's voice shook. "She's not here. Didn't she call from Delmar yesterday?"

"Delmar!" Chuck frowned. "What would she be doing over there? When I couldn't get her at her house, I thought she might have stayed all night with you on account of the storm."

"Chuck," Ellie said wildly, "she didn't come back to the base yesterday before the storm, and we thought she might have landed at Delmar instead of trying to get home."

"But what would she be doing there? She asked me if she could fly around the airport and practice for her test early yesterday

afternoon. I never said she could hop over to Delmar. Golly! Let's see if the lines are repaired enough so we can get the airport on the phone!"

The airport manager at Delmar hadn't seen Jean. Was anything wrong? Was there anything he could do? Ellie and Chuck silently headed for the seaplane base. Except for being waterlogged, like everything else, it was all right. Two of the three cub planes were safe and dry in the hangar, with an empty space between them.

"Help me gas up these ships," Chuck said, "and we'll each take one and do some searching from the air. Maybe she was forced off her course before she reached Delmar. Maybe she had an emergency landing. Well, let's get going—time may be important if she's trying to stay afloat some place."

In a few minutes Chuck, standing on one pontoon, had spun the prop for Ellie, and as she taxied out—right from the hangar doors into the bay, thanks to two feet of flood water covering the ramp—he turned over the engine on his own ship and climbed in. Once in the air, they headed off in diagonal opposite directions.

Ellie flew low over the flooded countryside, her eyes straining for some scrap of red through the drizzle which still beat on her windshield. She let the side window down to peer out. After an hour of intense searching, she was tired and discouraged enough to turn back. She stretched her cramped legs and tried to work the kink out of her neck. "Maybe Chuck has found Jean by now," she thought, as she leaned back and closed her aching eyes for a brief moment.

"But suppose I haven't searched thoroughly enough, and Jean is down there somewhere waiting for help?" She sighed. "Use your head," she told herself. "If you were Jean, thrown off your course, unable to reach Delmar, where would you try for a landing?" The rice fields with their weird contours certainly offered no spot to land;

but there was one place, that dammed-up pool which had been made into a reservoir! "Golly," thought Ellie, straightening her shoulders. "I'll bet that's it—just the place a pilot as resourceful as Jean would try for."

She peeled off in a ninety-degree turn and headed for the reservoir. The rain had stopped now, but the pool was still overflowing and running in a swift current over the dam, swelling the

little streams below it into rivers. Trees were down everywhere she looked.

Then she saw the red plane, down at one edge of the pool, one wing precariously caught in the branches of a fallen tree. It swayed with the current, threatening to break loose at any moment and float down with the rush of water. One side of it was under water, the other high in the air, looking like a bird favoring a crippled wing.

Ellie swooped low over the spot, her throttle wide open, then turned and swooped down again, watching anxiously for some signal that Jean heard her. The third time



she went over, she glimpsed a white handkerchief waving feebly from the high side of the plane. "Well, she's all right and she knows I'm here," Ellie thought, "but how am I going to get her out?" One glance at the plane hanging so precariously to the branches wiped out any idea of going back for help.

"Eleanor, my girl, this is it!" Ellie told herself. "If you work this one out successfully, you'll be a pilot—and if you don't—" she shivered. But the thought of deserting Jean never occurred to her. Somehow, some way, she must get her out.

"If I land above the spot where she is, and allow the current to float my ship down until I'm almost opposite the tree holding her plane, then gun the motor and turn quickly in alongside, that should do it. If I don't upset in the process, or miss and float on down over the dam, or hit Jean's plane with enough force to crack my prop. There are an awful lot of 'ifs'!" She swallowed hard.

THE plane glided in slowly over the water. It landed safely and floated slowly down toward the dam. Ellie kept on just enough power to control its direction, and headed gradually toward the shore. She was almost abreast of her point now, just above the red plane. She held her breath, fear gripping hands and feet. Then, without any volition on her part, her left hand opened the throttle quickly in a spurt of power, her right foot pressed the rudder hard, and the nose of the ship swung in toward the shore. With one wing dipped perilously close to the water, she felt the tail rise, and pulled the stick back quickly. "Almost a nose dive that time!" She shuddered as she closed the throttle and her ship floated in sidewise alongside the crippled plane.

She cut the switch, unhooked her safety belt, reached out the window and grabbed a branch of the tree. The strain on her arms was almost unbearable, but she held the ship there against the current.

"Jean," she gasped, "are you all right? Can you throw me a rope, or belt, or something."

"Yes, just a minute—" the words came slowly, painfully, and a pale face peered up at Ellie. "I think I've broken one shoulder, but I'll get this belt off in a minute."

Ellie secured one strut of her plane to a thick branch with the belt. She sank back weakly as the plane, bobbing up and down in the current, remained secure. There was no time to rest. Her ship was secure, but Jean's wasn't. She must get the other girl out of there, and quick. As if to emphasize her need for speed, there was a tearing sound as part of the wing fabric of the other plane ripped open.

Ellie balanced herself precariously on the pontoon and reached a hand out to a grim-lipped Jean, who climbed out of the other cockpit, eased herself on to the pontoon, and then into the front seat of Ellie's ship, almost fainting from pain as she did it.

The two girls slumped in their seats, exhausted.

Then Ellie roused herself to improvise a sling for Jean's injured shoulder by ripping a wide strip off the bottom half of her sport shirt. "Gives me a stylish, bare-midriff outfit," she joked. She fished an extra cushion out of the baggage compartment and tried to make the injured girl as comfortable as possible. For a while they were content

just to rest for a few minutes in silence.

Ellie was beginning to worry about how she'd ever get into the air again, with a double load, when they heard shouts from the opposite bank. It was Chuck and the mechanic in the Ford, water still covering its hub caps. She saw, rather than heard, them discuss what was to be done, as they took in the girls' predicament.

"You can't take off again in that current," Chuck shouted. "You'll upset. I'll throw you a rope to loop over the strut near the fuselage. Stand on the pontoon and twist the prop over. You can taxi over without floating downstream if you have the rope to guide you."

It wasn't easy, but eventually the little red plane with its double cargo made its way across the turbulent water, and was safely pulled up into the shallows on the other side. They anchored it securely, then hopped into Chuck's car and headed for a doctor to take care of Jean's shoulder.

"It took a real pilot to do that job!" Chuck's admiring voice made Ellie's tired eyes brighten.

"Guess it was the priming this engine needed," she grinned. "Routine flying shouldn't have any terrors for me after this."

Chuck's eyes crinkled at the corners. "You'll be the only flying nurse in Flood Relief with previous rescue experience!"

THE END

## Teen Testionaire

(Continued from page 18)

### ANSWERS

- 1 (c) Do look pleasant! Nobody will choose you for a partner unless you look like nice datebait.
- 2 (b) You might even learn by listening, and eventually amaze others with some vital information.
- 3 (c) It may sound corny, but believe it or not, you might be surprised to find out how much fun your family can be.
- 4 (b) Your mother's friends are human, too. They like having a fetching young miss acknowledge them.
- 5 (c) Doing something well will give you a sense of importance. In fact, you may actually make some contribution to the world.
- 6 (c) Your parents will appreciate a frank discussion of your problem. Besides, it might help them realize you are growing up!
- 7 (d) Your parents dote on attention from you. Just try it!
- 8 (a) You will get more car co-operation by doing your part.
- 9 (c) Look again. Everybody has at least one nice feature. (Movie stars use this technique, too.)
- 10 (c) Every person likes to have a certain amount of money, and plan her own spending.

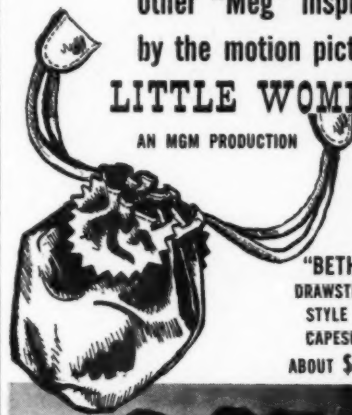
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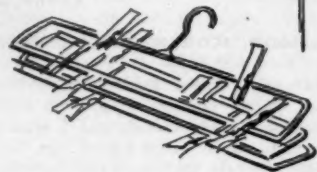
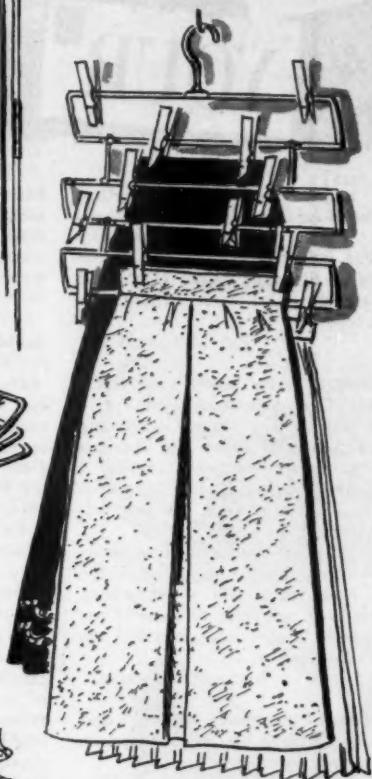
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Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4827—Dress with Cut-Out Midriff  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 4978—Striped Dress with Yoke  
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 9049—Dress with Eyelet Yokes  
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- ☐ 9143—Long formal with Streamers  
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**WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS:** I am eleven years old, and I count the days until my *AMERICAN GIRL* arrives.

*Girls Behind the Ball* is wonderful, as we are playing basketball in school. I agree with you in saying that it is a wonderful game. In your article you gave some useful information on guarding and being a forward.

In *Beauty is Skin Deep* and *This Business of Boys* you gave some helpful tips even to us in our younger teens.

NANCY CUMMINGS

**SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA:** I am very much interested in sports and would like to have something like a story on baseball heroes such as Ty Cobb, Bob Feller, Babe Ruth, etc. I have read a lot lately on heroes like these, and think that there can be no better reading.

I think your magazine has wonderful patterns, especially blouses. I am in the eighth grade in La Cumbre Junior High and we play a lot of basketball, so I thought *Girls Behind the Ball* was especially good. I plan to be a baseball club owner when I grow up and would like something on the side of the manager or player.

JANET MAVIS

**BOOKER, TEXAS:** I really enjoyed your article on basketball. I play guard on the Booker High girls' team. I am fifteen and a freshman in high school.

LA VADA KERNS

**MATTITUCK, LONG ISLAND:** I liked the article on *Girls Behind the Ball* because I'm trying out for girls' basketball, and the article is just what I need. I also liked the one on *Beauty is Skin Deep*. The fashions are very smart, except that I wish you would have more.

I'm fifteen years old and a sophomore in Mattituck high school.

DOROTHY SAUNDERS

**MOUNTAINAIR, NEW MEXICO:** I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine is wonderful. It has so many tips on beauty care. I really do like your magazine very much.

My sister, who plays basketball on her high-school team, liked your article on *Girls Behind the Ball* very much. I liked *Jam Session at Abby's*. Thank you for a very wonderful magazine.

MARY LOUISE HAIL

**BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA:** I've just received the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I think it's one of the best issues. *Teen Shop Talk* and *Jam Session at Abby's* were

good, and I especially liked the article *Where In the World?* as I collect post cards as a hobby. I have the card of Rockefeller Center which was pictured. I am in the eighth grade at Bismarck Junior High, and although I am not a Girl Scout, I think your magazine is tops.

PAT McCULLOCH

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** Betsy Brown is very displeased with *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as a whole, and she dislikes almost everything that we girls write in about and think is wonderful. She says she never reads *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. If she did, maybe she would find out how even our pen pals overseas rave about it.

She really does not appreciate how many wonderful things are in the magazine. Why, every time I am in a jam about school, parties, or dates, I just refer to some of my old issues which I save, and presto! I am satisfied with the answer.

JOANNE FLEISCHER

**PATO, COLOMBIA:** I am twelve years old, and my mother has to teach me, as there are no schools or children here.

I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year, but I don't get all the issues as the mail doesn't get through too well.

JEAN MURPHY

**PORTLAND, OREGON:** I go to Terwilliger School. We have dances at our school and the article *Invitation to the Dance* helped me a lot in the dances. It isn't that you have to be pretty, it's the way you dance and act. Also, the recipes are tops with my mother. She is always baking cakes and she is always reading the stories.

JACKIE L. GREGORY

**GRUNER, TEXAS:** I think your patterns are swell—they are so accurate. I have made four from your pattern list so far.

BARBARA FORD

**FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS:** I just received my copy of the February edition. It was the best yet!

But I don't like your covers, though the January one was nice. And your stories aren't long enough. But *Jam Session at Abby's* was wonderful! It fitted me just perfectly, and *Elena Finds Tomorrow* is good, too.

I like your advertisements and *In Step With the Times*, but best of all I like your patterns. I design a lot of my own clothes and your ideas and patterns have helped me a lot.

MARY ELIZABETH WRIGHT

**BALTIMORE, MARYLAND:** I heartily disagree with Betsy Brown in the February issue. I think your stories are swell and your fashions are tops. Please have more articles like the one on Eleanor Roosevelt.

CLAIRE BAUM

**GLASGOW, SCOTLAND:** A friend of mine let me read her copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* once and I was so thrilled with it that I just had to get one for myself, so I get your magazine every month and I read it from cover to cover. After I read *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and take the copies into the office to let my friends read them, they actually quarrel about it. They, too, think it is great.

Life in Britain is very much different from American life. British girls are working when they are fifteen years old. I am fifteen and I work in a large office. My amusements are skating, cinema, and dancing. My life may sound very dull but it isn't, for most of my time is taken up with continuation classes. These are classes young people go to in the evening to increase their intelligence, or to learn new subjects which they could not learn in school. I myself go for shorthand and typewriting, which I am very keen on.

ROSE McQUEEN

**HALE CENTER, TEXAS:** I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at Hale Center Ward School. I am a First Class Scout of the local Girl Scout Troop 1.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been my reference book for many of my badges in Scouting and lessons in school. Your stories and styles are great, also the covers.

WYNOGEAN SMITH

**MAMARONECK, NEW YORK:** I enjoyed reading *So I'm Home Again* very much, because I've often wondered how girls and boys in this country have felt about their parents who came from abroad.

My classmates and I are very interested in your article *Girls Behind the Ball*. We are learning the rules and the game in our gym class. I find that your article has helped in the last week to play the game much better.

I am thirteen years old and am in Scout Troop 12.

HOPE MILLER-JONES

**VILLE PLATTE, LOUISIANA:** I'm crazy over your February issue. When I got the book the family took it away from me, so I was late reading it. The story *So I'm Home Again* was wonderful. And the cover girl and the suit she is wearing are both beautiful.

SHERRY ANN FONTENOT

**OMAHA, NEBRASKA:** I especially liked *So I'm Home Again* in the February issue. It was about a Hungarian family, and we are Hungarians. Mother and Daddy read the story, too.

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at the St. Therese School. I like school very much.

I am a Camp Fire Girl. There aren't any Girl Scouts, although I would have liked to join them. I belong to the Camp Fire Girls of Wi-Can-Ka Group and I am about ready to pass my Wood Gatherer's Rank.

THERESE KUTI

**WOODSIDE, NEW YORK:** I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your wonderful story *So I'm Home Again*. A story such as this helps our generation to understand our parents' love for their old country and customs. The people who make up America have come from many lands, but from these lands they have taken the choicest of their heritage and blended it with our country. I think that there are many boys and girls who, at one time or another, have felt the pain and hatred of prejudice and because of this were ashamed of their heritage, but when they thought it over, surely they obtained the right answer.

DENISE KARCHER

**EUNICE, NEW MEXICO:** I wish to say there should be fifteen rahs! for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The February issue was super! The stories *So I'm Home Again* and *Jam Session at Abby's* were perfectly grand! So was the story of Eleanor Roosevelt.

DORIS COFFMAN

**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK:** I especially liked *So I'm Home Again*, as Jolly was so real a girl that she made me cry at the end—but to tell the truth, I enjoyed that cry!

I find your fashions exceptionally nice and all your articles tremendously interesting.

JOYCE PERLSTEIN

**OLDEN, TEXAS:** When my public-speaking teacher said I must get a very high grade on an oral speech test to make an A on my report card, and said I could speak on music schools, I knew where to get my material. *Tanglewood*, in your August issue, helped me get that A.

I enjoy your stories, patterns, and everything in your magazine. All my girl friends are crazy about it, too.

MARJORIE HENDRICK

**GARRETTSVILLE, OHIO:** I wish to tell Shannon Fiscus, who told of her initiation into high school that I thought ours was bad, but it was mild compared to hers. We bobbed for apples and they ducked our heads clear under; and then, blindfolded, we walked a plank only to jump two inches to the floor and get Limburger cheese in our faces.

DIXIE LEE WOOD

**PHOENIXVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA:** I just finished reading your article on Eleanor Roosevelt's life. It's the best thing you have ever produced in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Your tips on good looks and *This Business of Boys* were tops.

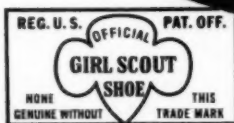
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It's not an official shoe unless it is marked "Girl Scout"

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES



**MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN**—Is a delightfully gay comedy, with Academy Award actress Loretta Young paired for the first time with Van Johnson. Loretta is a pretty widow, suddenly financially embarrassed, who takes a college scholarship to solve her problems. She finds herself a freshman at the same college where her daughter (Betty Lynn) is a sophomore, and Van is a professor. Lots of complications, and laughs galore—for the whole family.



**THE GREEN PROMISE**—All girls who like farms and farming will be interested in this movie, dramatizing the accomplishments of the 4-H organization. It's completely enjoyable, with Natalie Wood proving herself one of the screen's finest young stars, and real-life 4-H Club member Jeanne La Duke, from Mount Vernon, Indiana, so good that she'll remain in Hollywood. Marguerite Chapman, Walter Brennan, and Robert Paige head the adult cast.



**LITTLE WOMEN**—Of course this newest version of the beloved Louisa May Alcott classic is a "must see" for girls of all ages. The story, touching and tender as always, has been wonderfully filmed, and the March girls (all equally fine) are June Allyson (Jo); Elizabeth Taylor (Amy); Margaret O'Brien (Beth); and Janet Leigh (Meg). Mary Astor is their beloved Marmee, and Peter Lawford plays the male lead as the handsome Laurie.



**DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS**—A splendid adventure movie in a new version of the famous American classic. New star Richard Widmark has a sympathetic role as the first mate of a ship owned by the bluff old sea captain, Lionel Barrymore. There is constant conflict between the two, with the captain's grandson, Dean Stockwell, torn by loyalty to both. The storm and whaling scenes are vivid and exciting, and young Dean's acting is notable.

by Carol Crane

## Let's Go Birding

(Continued from page 15)

almost every ornithologist, and it sometimes becomes highly organized, as in the Christmas census. During Christmas vacation every year, groups of bird-watchers all over America spend a whole day seeing how many birds they can find in a specified territory. The object is to try to break a record, and to see how many new species, never before recorded at Christmas in that particular place, can be found.

To show you how widespread this Christmas census has become, and how many birds have sometimes been seen: 90 species have been recorded at Cape Cod, Massachusetts; 119 at Merritt's Island, Florida; 117 at Tucson, Arizona; 164 at Brownsville, Texas; and, the largest count ever taken at that season, 166 at Santa Monica, California. There are summer censuses, too, to determine the number of nesting birds in certain areas.

List-chasing is fun, but it's hard work. Last spring I went on what some ornithologists call "The Big Day" or the "The Grim Grind." We started at about five in the morning, "picked up" all the migrating warblers we could while they were still most active, rushed to "break a hundred" with the marsh birds and ducks, sped along the coast "getting" the shore birds and gulls, and even after dark we went out to "call up" owls with pretty convincing hoots. We were tired, but we had collected the biggest list of species for one day that Mr. Joseph Cadbury had ever gotten. He was our leader, and a counselor at one of the Audubon Society's nature camps during the summer.

You'll visit all sorts of new and different places in your search for birds. I have found myself in a sleeping bag on the beach at Cape May, New Jersey; at a boarding house near Montauk Point, Long Island, in the dead of winter; hunting owls at midnight on Hawk Mountain; cooking bacon (three packs at once!) in a cypress swamp in Maryland; and watching ducks on a freezing November day at a wild-life sanctuary in Delaware.

The trip which I don't think I'll ever forget was a two weeks' journey through Florida. We jacked chucks there, and listened for limpkins. We were near the tiny town of Okeechobee, which is on Florida's big lake of the same name, and had started out on the bumpy road toward our first camping spot. All of a sudden I heard my first chuck-will's-widow, calling its name like a saucy whippoorwill through the night.

"Let's jack them!" Mr. Cadbury shouted. Jack them? What in the world—? But he was stalking one with his flashlight, trying to shine its rays into its eyes. Supposedly, chucks become momentarily blinded and motionless when looking into a bright light. When they are jacked, you can just reach up and grab them, he told us. I don't know—he never got one.

All the way out we listened for limpkins. They sound like a little boy in a dentist's chair, we were informed. They wail. Well, we heard our limpkins all night from our sleeping bags, sounding just as we had expected—and more so!

During the following days we went all through the Everglades, spent a mosquito-infested night on the Gulf Coast, and slept where panthers were last seen in Florida.

We saw alligators, Indians, air plants, Key West, snails, and sharks, and went boating in the turquoise waters of Florida Bay. I was sort of glad I was a girl, because the boys had two water moccasins, countless rattlers, and a variety of other snakes in snake bags on the back seat of their car!

These encounters with all sorts of wild life have made me realize that there is still a great deal to be learned in the field of natural history. Probably the most interesting unanswered ornithological question is, "Why do birds migrate?" There are a great many theories, but no one really knows for sure. The Pacific plover, for example, flies without stopping from Hawaii to Alaska every spring, and makes the return trip in the fall. What is responsible for this compelling impulse to migrate? How do birds like this plover find their way over such a vast expanse of ocean? The Arctic tern has one of the longest migrations of any bird. Some have been known to fly from the Arctic Circle to the Antarctic. Try to picture a globe for a minute, and you'll see what a tremendous distance this is.

Bird mysteries are being solved all the time, a notable one partly by the pupils of a school in Memphis, Tennessee. Until about two years ago, the wintering site of the chimney swift was unknown. Several swifts were captured, banded, and set free by boys and girls on the roof of the school. That winter, these banded birds were reported in South America, in the Upper Amazon Valley region. The reports were investigated and the mystery solved. This is where chimney swifts spend their winters. Just last summer the nest of a bristle-thighed curlew, a Western species, was found for the first time by someone only ten years older than most of you!

By now I hope maybe you'll want to know more about birds and birding. You don't need to go very far from home. Keep a "life list." You'll be surprised how fast it grows, for you can find new birds in your own back yard or as you walk to school. You can look for them alone or with a group of people. Maybe some day you'll contribute valuable information to the scientific world. Who knows? At any rate, you're sure to have fun!

THE END

## Fish Story

(Continued from page 17)

### BROILED OCEAN PERCH, CREOLE

Thaw one package (about ½ pound) fillets of frozen ocean perch for several hours in lower part of refrigerator, or about 1 hour at room temperature. Wipe with a damp cloth, then lightly dust with flour and place on a preheated broiler pan, about 2" from source of heat. Spread evenly with butter, margarine, or oil and broil at 550° 5 to 10 minutes, depending on thickness. Never turn fillets, as the heat will penetrate through, but baste a number of times with more butter or margarine. Place on a platter, garnish with parsley, and ladle over:

#### CREOLE SAUCE

- |                                   |                                    |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 ½ cups tomatoes, fresh or canned |
| 2 tablespoons minced onion        | 6 stuffed olives, chopped          |
| ¼ cup minced green pepper         | ½ teaspoon salt                    |
|                                   | ¼ teaspoon paprika                 |

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Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Add onion and green pepper and saute gently about 5 minutes, but do not brown. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Serves 4.

### BAKED FISH WITH SAVORY DRESSING

A 3 to 5 pound bass, bluefish, cod, had- dock, hake, mackerel, shad, or whitefish is a good choice for this recipe. Douse fish in cold, salted water; drain on absorbent paper or wipe dry with damp cloth. Fill cavity  $\frac{1}{2}$  full with Savory Stuffing. Keep stuffing in fish with toothpicks or wooden skewers. Draw edges together by lacing string or thread around toothpicks. Place fish in shal- low baking pan on oiled brown paper or cheesecloth, to facilitate removal; or cook on ovenproof platter which can go right to the table.

Bake uncovered in a moderately hot oven (400°) approximately an hour, or until fish is easily pierced with a fork and flakes from the bones, but is still moist and juicy. Serve immediately, garnishing with parsley.

#### SAVORY STUFFING

|                                |                    |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion | 1 teaspoon chopped |
| 2 tablespoons butter           | celery leaves      |
| or margarine                   | 1 teaspoon finely  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried   | chopped parsley    |
| savory, crumbled               | 2 cups soft bread  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried   | crumbs, packed     |
| marjoram, crumbled             | 1 teaspoon grated  |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried   | lemon rind         |
| thyme or sage                  | 1 teaspoon salt    |
|                                | 1 egg, beaten      |

Brown onion lightly in butter. Blend in dried herbs. Remove from heat; add celery leaves and parsley. Mix well and add remaining ingredients. Yield: enough to fill a 4 pound fish.

Scallops come from the bays and sea, and are named accordingly. Bay scallops are small, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch across, and are in season during the early fall months. They can be had in the frozen state throughout the year. Sea scallops are larger, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches across, and are available—fresh or frozen—all year.

#### OVEN-FRIED SCALLOPS

|                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (1 pound) | 2 tablespoons water          |
| scallops                      | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine bread |
| Salt                          | crumbs                       |
| Pepper                        | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted     |
| 1 egg                         | shortening                   |

Wipe scallops dry, season with salt and pepper. Beat together egg and water. Dip scallops in egg, then crumbs, then in melted shortening. Place on pie plate or shallow baking dish, and bake in hot oven (450°) 20-25 minutes. Serve with tartar sauce or catsup if desired. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

## Make Your Own Heavenly Marshmallows

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Yes, boys will beat a path to your door when you serve these rich, chiffon-light, homemade marshmallows. So easy to do—so utterly scrumptious to eat.  $\downarrow$

#### In top of double boiler:

**Soften:** 1 envelope Knox Gelatine  
in:  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water.

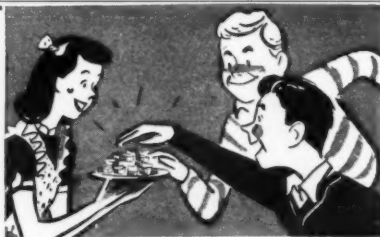
Place over boiling water and stir until gela- tine is dissolved.

**Add:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and stir un- til dissolved. Remove from heat.

**Pour:**  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup Karo light corn syrup into large bowl of electric mixer.

**Add:** 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and the gelatine and sugar mixture.

Beat on highest speed of electric mixer until mixture becomes thick and of soft marshmallow consistency, about 15 minutes. While mixture is beating grease a pan, preferably about 7" x 10" x  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". Crush 4 cups of Corn Flakes or Rice Krispies with a rolling pin—using part to thoroughly line sides and bottom of pan. Pour in the marshmal- low, smoothing off top with spoon or knife and sprinkle the top with part of remaining Corn Flakes or Rice Kris- pies. Let stand in a cool place (not a re- frigerator) until well set—about 1 hour.



To remove from pan loosen around edges with a knife and invert over a cookie sheet or board. Cut into squares with a sharp knife moistened with cold water. Roll marshmallows in the remaining Corn Flakes or Rice Krispies to coat the side of the marshmallows.

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cooked dishes. Make it in a double boiler, and add the oysters as the last ingredient.

#### OYSTER STEW

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 pint milk, or 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream | 2 dozen oysters and oyster liquid (1 pint) |
| 1 tablespoon butter or margarine           | Paprika, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper |

Scald milk, salt, pepper, and butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Add oysters and liquid; allow to cook one minute only. Serve immediately. Sprinkle each portion with a dash of paprika and chopped parsley. Yield: 4 servings.

#### TUNA A LA KING

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1 cup (7 oz. can) flaked tuna fish | 1/4 pound mushrooms, sliced (or one 6 oz. can) |
| 4 tablespoons butter or margarine  | 4 tablespoons flour                            |
| 1/2 cup thin strips green pepper   | 3/4 teaspoon salt                              |
|                                    | 2 cups milk                                    |
|                                    | 1/4 cup thin pimiento strips                   |
| 4 cups corn flakes                 |  |

Drain tuna fish. Reserve oil, and combine with 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Place over low heat, add green pepper and mushrooms, and cook until pepper is tender. Remove from heat, blend in flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Gradually stir in milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Place over hot water. Add the flaked tuna and pimiento strips. Melt remaining tablespoon butter in shallow pan; add corn flakes; sprinkle with remaining 1/2 teaspoon salt, and stir until flakes are well mixed. Heat in a moderate oven (350°-375°) a few minutes. Serve hot tuna mixture on mound of corn flakes. Yield: 6 servings.

THE END

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#### NUCOA-SCOTCH SQUARES

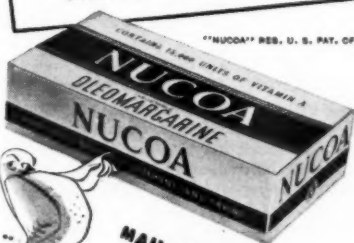
- 1/4 cup Nucoa margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup sifted flour

- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 3/4 cup broken nuts

(1) Melt Nucoa in a saucepan, add brown sugar, and heat over low heat, stirring until well blended. (2) Cool slightly, add egg and beat well. (3) Sift flour, baking powder and salt; stir into Nucoa mixture. (4) Add vanilla and nuts. (5) Pour into an 8-inch-square pan that has been brushed with melted Nucoa, lined with waxed paper and brushed with melted Nucoa again. (6) Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 25-30 minutes. (7) Cool slightly in pan, and then cut in squares. Yield: 16 squares.

#### DOLLAR-STRETCHING NOTE:

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# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Wonder Starch:** Ironing day's R.P.M.'s can be speeded up considerably with a revolutionary starch that's said to keep fabrics crisp through eight to ten washings. It's a liquid plastic requiring no heating or cooking, into which clothes are dipped, then wrung out and hung to dry as usual. They can be ironed when only slightly damp, thus cutting down ironing time. The starch is said to leave no streaks or blotches even on dark materials, to give the same finish as regular starch, and to provide uniform crispness. It's also claimed that clothes treated with it wilt less easily, and that it retards fading and mildewing.

**Specially for Toothbrushes:** That old problem of the family's toothbrushes massed on the bathroom shelf can be solved by a colorful plastic case which may be fastened to any convenient wall, and holds four brushes. The case closes with a hinged door, so the brushes are protected from dust; and cellophane bags containing chemicals that odorize and vaporize, which can be replaced when necessary, keep the brushes fresh.



**Magic Thimble:** This tricky device actually is a thimble, knife, and needle threader, all in one. Worn on the usual finger, it's a thimble. Press a little bar with the thumb, and a miniature knife blade slides out, cuts your thread, and slips back in again. And the threader will pull your thread through the eye of the needle quickly, without twisting or wetting. An inexpensive gadget which makes a fine party prize.

**Patterns Without Pain:** A new kind of yarn—of pure virgin wool—is space-dyed in such a way that you can knit multicolored patterns from a single strand. No bobbins are needed, and there are no loose ends to contend with. Just knit as you would ordinarily, following the manufacturer's directions, and the yarn forms the design for you—argyles, checks, stripes, and novelty patterns.



**For the Indoor Gardener:** Here's a simple way to make sure of a regular supply of flower bulbs each month of the year. Every thirty days a bulb-of-the-month club will send you a description of the club's choice for the month, and if you want it, the cost is one dollar. There are no dues or obligations. The bulbs are delivered in sturdy cartons containing from two jumbo-sized bulbs to eighteen smaller ones, complete with culture instructions. All selections are said to be brought into flower easily, and guaranteed to grow indoors.

**What—No Radio?** There's a pursette now on the market, however, that has almost everything else—a plastic coin holder; a full-sized billfold; two sections to hold identification cards and snapshots; a beveled mirror; and a key chain. In addition to which, in back of the mirror there's a secret pocket! It sounds like just the gift for that has-everything friend.



**New Help for an Old Chore:** A handy gadget consisting of a rake and a strong band of cotton strands, that can be hung on a wall for convenience, simplifies the tiresome job of keeping combs and brushes neat and clean. Run the rake through your brush, and the loose hairs come out without snarling or yanking; draw your comb through the band of cotton strands, and the dust and grease are removed like magic.

**Tub Loafer's Delight:** An aluminum headrest covered with cushiony sponge rubber makes bathtub lounging a real treat. Attach it to the tub by a suction cup, to cradle your head in just the position you find most comfortable, and relax. Of course you'll make sure, first, that no one else has staked out a claim to the bathroom!



If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Lucky 'Leven

(Continued from page 9)

party. Why couldn't we make it a Paris-in-the-spring party, and have everybody come as something special from Paris? You know—the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, or Marie Antoinette, or anything. Everybody would have to guess what everybody else represented. Madelon, you'd help with that, wouldn't you?"

Madelon nodded gravely and a buzz of excitement started. There was no getting away from it—when Claire went to town, things happened.

"When would we have this party?" Jo Emerson wanted to know.

Claire tapped her teeth thoughtfully with a rosy fingernail. "I should think Saturday night of next week would be the logical time."

I saw Jo and Mary exchange startled glances, and I sat up in surprise myself. "But, Claire," I broke in, forgetting about rules of order, "that's the night for the big S.A. shindig. They've got that Viennese doctor coming to speak, and there's a dance afterward in the gym."

"So what?" said Claire. "More school stuff."

"It's a benefit," Mary reminded her.

"Of course. And for a good cause. We all want to help the children of Europe. But do we have to go? We've heard all the harassing things this Dr. Whatsis is going to talk about. Why can't we just buy tickets to support the cause and have fun in our own way?"

"If you're not there, who'll write it up for the paper?" Mary asked. "You always do the big assignments best."

Claire dismissed the point with a flick of her fingers. "It's routine stuff. I'll give it to a junior to cover, and I won't need to be there at all."

She warned to the subject of the party then, and nobody could be more persuasive than Claire when she wanted to be. She had the sort of enthusiasm that is contagious and as she talked we all began to see how dull that S.A. meeting would be, and how much more fun a Paris-in-the-spring party in Claire's big basement would undoubtedly prove.

However, I could see one more problem and I brought it up, not to be discouraging, but to get all the wrinkles ironed out ahead of time.

"What about the boys? What if they won't break away from the S.A. affair?"

Claire wrinkled her nose at me mockingly. "I didn't pick the cream of the wallflowers for this club, you know. Any girl who feels she can't bring a man to this party had better speak up now. We can find a more likely candidate to fill her place."

That shut us up on that argument, and I began to think how fetchingly I'd present the invitation to Bill Hendrickson, who was my big moment just then. I'd get him to find somebody for Madelon, too. She was so cute it wouldn't be hard to manage.

I was excited myself when the meeting was over. Officers had been elected—Claire as president, of course, and naturally me as secretary—and we'd eaten some of Mrs. Carr's wonderful chocolate cake. On my way home I bubbled with plans. This was going to be fun. And it was a relief to be planning something that didn't have a serious purpose!

"I wonder how I'd look as the Mona Lisa?" I said to Madelon. "Or maybe you could suggest something nobody could guess. Oh, I am glad you're in on this. Isn't Claire electric?"

Madelon said "Yes" quietly, but somehow she didn't seem quite as interested and eager as she had before the meeting. I thought maybe she was concerned about a date for the party, but when I told her Bill would get someone she'd like, she shook her dark head vigorously and I knew her worry wasn't in that direction.

"It is this which disturbs me," she said as we reached the porch steps of my house. "This doctor who has come from far away to talk to the school—is it not impolite not to attend?"

"How will he know?" I asked airily. "And he certainly won't care. Twenty-two people out of a whole school won't even leave a dent."

"And the party afterward? Twenty-one of them leaders from the school?"

I knew that would make a dent. It would make a lot of talk, too, but I shrugged the thought aside. I didn't want any damper thrown on Claire's exciting plans by this odd little cousin whom I'd met only that afternoon.

"Come on upstairs and I'll help you unpack," I suggested, hoping to get her off the subject. After all, I could understand that she must feel a kinship for the children of Europe and the Viennese doctor, but she didn't know how often all this had been thrown at us lately.

THE dress she had arrived in was obviously new, but she hadn't brought many extras in the way of clothes. Mother and I would have to take her shopping as soon as possible. What she had wasn't exactly right for an American school.

She opened the somewhat battered suitcase we'd set on my dressing-table bench and began lifting out her belongings.

"How will you dress for the party?" I asked. In my mind's eye I could see Madelon in some fascinating and authentic costume that would breathe the very spirit of France.

"Paris in the spring, tra-la, tra-la," I hummed, doing a couple of quick turns about the room. When I looked back at Madelon I saw that she'd dropped to the floor beside the suitcase and was pulling out some odd-looking garments. I broke off in the middle of a bar and plumped myself on the edge of the bed.

"What on earth are those?" I asked, and then stopped awkwardly, not knowing if I'd asked the wrong thing because of the solemn look on Madelon's face.

She didn't answer at once, but spread the things out on the rug for me to see. There were just two pieces. One looked to be a pair of boy's shorts of faded blue cotton, patched in places, and worn threadbare. Not athletic shorts like boys wear for sports, but just the underwear kind. The other piece must have been a girl's blouse at one time, but it was so pinned together and ravelly looking you could hardly tell.

Madelon waved a hand toward shorts and blouse and looked up at me. "My costume!" she said. "Paris in the spring!" Somehow she sounded angry, though she spoke quietly enough.

I was too embarrassed to say anything. I could only stare at her unhappily and wonder just what was going on behind those wide gray eyes. In a minute she told me.

The angry spark went out of her and she reached over to touch my knee with gentle fingers.

"I am sorry, Peggy. Sometimes I have such a bad temper. Perhaps you remember when your mother sent that big box of American clothing to my aunt. We combed our town for the children who needed it most. There were so many it was hard to choose. One girl was a year older than I. These were her clothes. All of them. I will never forget how she looked when we gave her a real dress and underthings." Her voice broke. She wadded the rags up with a sudden gesture and tossed them back into the suitcase. "She left her old clothes at our house. My aunt washed them and gave them to me—so that when I came to America I would never forget."

I looked at Madelon and a gulpy feeling came into my throat. A pair of shorts and a ragged blouse could be Paris in the spring, too. And suddenly Claire's party didn't seem such a good idea.

Madelon sat there on the floor, talking in her soft voice, almost as if she spoke to herself.

"Perhaps I do not altogether understand this—this American way. You have political parties here, yes? The Republican and the Democratic? And when the candidate of one is elected, then do the members of the other party seek to—to sabotage America because they have lost? Sometimes it is that way in other countries."

"Oh, look now!" I cried. "Claire isn't like that. We're not like that."

"Then you will explain it to me, please?" Madelon's gray eyes met mine squarely and I was the one whose gaze fell.

"Claire said that was what people would think," I offered feebly.

"Would she have done the same thing if she had been elected president of your school association?"

I hadn't an answer to that, and I was glad enough when Madelon went on without waiting.

"If we become the—what did you call us, the Lucky Leven?—what of the others who are less lucky? How do we deserve this—aristocracy?"

I got up from the bed and walked over to look out the window, down into a peaceful, small-town American street. I didn't like the things that were going on inside me. I felt almost resentful when I thought that it took a girl from France, a girl who'd never lived in America, to teach me about the American way. When I turned back to Madelon I knew what I was going to do, and I knew that my life was going to be pretty unpleasant for the next few days.

It was. I went to Claire first and tried to make her understand what I meant to do. I tried to make her see that a club which shut other girls out, and tried to cause trouble, couldn't be a very worthwhile sort of club. But even as I expected, it wasn't any use. She was furious with me, and the friendship which had been so wonderful for the last six months was over for good.

I felt awful about that. Maybe I'm just a sentimentalist, but I felt there was something fundamentally solid about Claire, if only there was some way to switch her back on the right track. But she wouldn't speak to me after our talk. She even hung up when I called her on the phone.

But my "sabotage" had to go on and I went through with it. I went to every girl in

(Continued on page 40)

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A wounded gray squirrel finds comfort and help in the skilled hands of a Girl Scout

WHEN the Dayton, Ohio, "Daily News" sent staff writer Margaret Taylor to Whippoorwill Hills, there were blushes of shame among beavers for miles around. They were being outbeavered down at the Girl Scout Camp, Miss Taylor reported, by Senior Scout conservationists.

Conservation is the keynote at Whippoorwill Hills. For three years, spring week-enders and summer campers have been lending a hand to the work of Mother Nature in her three great kingdoms: animal, plant, and mineral.

Animal-wise, the Dayton Girl Scout camp is not only firmly established as a game preserve (no hunting or fishing by anyone at any time) but is a real resort for the little fellows of field, wood, and stream. Piles of fodder on tree stumps and flat rocks constantly remind them that those green-clad girls who live in the near-by cabins are their pals. And the blue-birds, who for reasons of their own packed up and left Ohio in a mass migration several years ago, are coming back in larger numbers each year to Whippoorwill Hills. They have no housing problems there, because some friendly fellow creatures who also like to sing have built attractive little tree houses for them all through the woods. Small animals who stray from their families, or get hurt on the camp grounds, find comfort and help in the skilled hands of girls who know their animal care.

The girls have turned their knowledge into action in the plant kingdom, too. They know which plants are parasitic to the point of destroying valuable trees, bushes, and flowers; which plants should be controlled for the purposes of scenic landscape; which should be especially cared for—and they deal with each accordingly. As part of their reforestation program, the girls have planted over six hundred red-pine and black-locust seedlings. They know how to prune a dead branch from a living tree. (It should be sawed off flush with the trunk and the "open wound" painted over with heavy wood paint). Naturally campers are familiar with State laws protecting various types of wild life, and they make sure that visitors to the camp abide by them.

In mineral conservation, emphasis at Whippoorwill Hills has been on the protection of soil against erosion. The six hundred seedlings, planted wherever rivulets of rain water were carrying away topsoil, now hold the earth firmly with their thirsty roots. On steep hillsides where vegetation was sparse, the girls rolled logs into horizontal positions in order to

# Conservation Piece

by Barbara Swift

bank the leaves and topsoil swept down by the heavy rains.

There's an ancient legend about an Indian brave who was walking up a hill one day, many long years ago, when his foot chanced to slip on the moist ground. Rains fell on the tiny strip of soil, scraped bare of plant life, and dug a gully which widened and deepened and lengthened, so the legend goes, until it formed the Grand Canyon. Dayton Girl Scouts smile, as you do, at the tale; but they recognize the essential truth in it. At their camp, wherever patches of earth are stripped by slipping feet, the topsoil, rich with tiny plant roots, is replaced and the spot covered with nature's protective leaf litter.

Whippoorwill Hills is typical of dozens of Girl Scout camps and communities where people are facing realistically the problems of conserving the good earth and all its offspring. At Portland, Oregon; Barree, Pennsylvania; Memphis, Tennessee; Bridgewater, Virginia; Kingston, Rhode Island, and many other centers of conservation awareness, Girl Scouts are joining forces with local, State, and national agencies to protect and preserve our vast natural resources.

The Girl Scout conservation program went into high gear at the end of the war with the establishment of the Lou Henry

Thanks to the bucket brigade, a brush fire is quickly put out!



Robinson Studio

Hoover Memorial Conservation Projects. Mrs. Hoover, who died in 1944, had been active in Girl Scouting for many years. A lover of nature from childhood, she had a wealth of knowledge in biology, geology, and botany, and appreciated as few people do the beauty of the land of which she was once the

(Continued on page 37)

First Lady. After her death, the National Executive Board of the Girl Scouts established a plan whereby local Girl Scout Councils and Lone Troops could carry out conservation projects in forestry, soil, waterways, and wild life—the projects to stand as memorials to Mrs. Hoover. When a council or troop which has undertaken such a project has complied with certain requirements set up by the National Executive Committee, they receive a certificate enabling them to call their project a Lou Henry Hoover Memorial.

Girl Scouts in Spokane, Washington, built a Memorial Sanctuary for birds. In Miami, Florida they established a Memorial Forest in which the rare and beautiful tree orchids are cared for and protected from would-be blossom pickers.

Of course the Ranger Aides program for Senior Scouts goes hand in hand with the Lou Henry Hoover Memorial Projects. Ranger Aides in Riverside, California, for instance, selected a spot for a Memorial and developed it into a wild-life sanctuary. An area of small evergreens planted by Minneapolis Ranger Aides became a Memorial Forest.

As conservation itself must be a continuing process if it is to be effective, so must education in conservation. They are putting this belief into practice in the Girl Scout Kenowva Region (that's Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia) where this summer, for the fifth consecutive year, the Regional Camp Committee will sponsor a conservation camp. Under the supervision of Twila Hessin, a specialist in forestry management, the camp has operated at three separate camp sites: Newark, Ohio, in 1945 and 1948; Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1946; and Louisville, Kentucky, in 1947. Each autumn, after a summer of intensive training and activity in conservation, the girls take back to their homes increased knowledge of methods which they practice throughout the year. For instance, Kenowva conservation campers know that leaves and cut grass should not be raked from a lawn in autumn because, in decaying, they put minerals and bacteria back into the soil to make a lovelier lawn next year. They know that killing non-poisonous snakes cuts down the food supply of people and animals, because these snakes eat the insects which destroy many varieties of plant life.

Year-round study and practice of conservation by Girl Scouts were spurred by the introduction of a Conservation proficiency badge in 1947. In order to qualify for the badge a Girl Scout not only must gain a working knowledge of our natural resources and the methods of protecting them, but she must be familiar with the conservation problems in her own part of the country.

Conservation is everybody's business, because it is basic to the economy of our country. It is a field where interorganization teamwork is essential to a successful program. For this reason the Girl Scout national organization is working in co-operation with the Boy Scouts of America and the Campfire Girls to encourage increased conservation activity. Badge requirements in the field are the same for members of the three organizations, and many projects are being undertaken jointly in the community.

Mrs. Hoover once said, "Everything in nature has its work to do. We may not always know what that work is, but as conservationists we make every effort to find

(Continued on page 40)

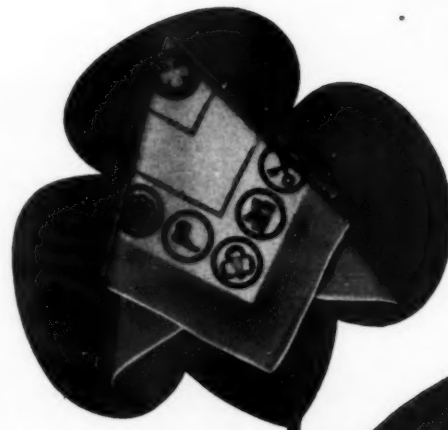


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A Milwaukee girl who took part in a baby-sitting clinic carried out by and for fellow Girl Scouts

• **Senior Girl Scouts in Milwaukee, Wisconsin,** are having fun and learning a lot, too, in a series of monthly clinics sponsored by the Boston Store in that city, in co-operation with the Milwaukee County Senior Girl Scouts. The clinics, which began last year, featured good grooming, health, and cleanliness, and ended with a style show. This year, the clinics have been focused on the development of charm and personality. One session has been held on "Boy Meets Girl," and a skit on the subject of dating, with right and wrong etiquette for such social functions as teas and dances, was enacted by the Senior Scouts and their boy escorts. Next on the list was a "Baby-Sitters' Clinic," for the many girls who earn part of their spending money baby-sitting. Amusing skits and serious talks were illustrated by the girls with the aid of dolls for babies, and with live youngsters for the older age group. Every mistake a baby sitter can make was demonstrated, with riotous consequences. From the more serious angle, sitters' rights, responsibilities, and techniques were discussed by officials of the public library and the State Teachers College. On the program to follow these sessions are clinics on "The Arts and You," and one on how to prepare for a career. Each meeting has a committee of five Senior Scouts who plan and carry out the program, while other committees take care of ushering, publicity, tickets, thank-you notes, telephone calls, and notices for the entire series. At all of the clinics, the Scouts write and present the skits, M.C. the meeting, model, and take part in the panel discussions.

• **Girl Scouts in Cleveland, Ohio,** are giving a helping hand in "Uncle Bruce's Nursery," a radio program going out over WJW in Cleveland. Every Saturday morning from 9:00 to 12:00, the station throws open its studio-playroom to fifty children—ages 4 to 7—whose mothers wish to shop during those hours. The studio has been equipped with teeter-totters, slides, swings, sandboxes, and a variety of toys and games to amuse the youngsters. A radio show has been built around the nursery, and from 9:00 to 10:00 the nursery is on the air. "Uncle Bruce" circulates with the mike, plays records, and raises as much Cain as the kids. A registered



nurse is present, and six Girl Scouts trained in child care serve as aides each Saturday, tagging the children as they arrive, taking phone registrations from mothers for the following week, helping the children with their coats and hats, serving them milk and crackers, reading aloud, and playing games with them. Scouts from three Senior troops and one Intermediate troop, experienced in church-nursery work, have participated so far, and plans are being made so that members of other Cleveland troops may volunteer. Both children and Scouts have a wonderful Saturday morning with Uncle Bruce, and needless to say, the whole idea is immensely popular with the busy mothers of Cleveland.



A Brownie troop of Springfield, Ohio, turns its back to the camera to display its caps to the best advantage—each cap made by the wearer

• **Final figures** on the number of Clothes for Friendship kits which Girl Scouts have sent to children overseas will not be available until May. These pages will carry a report when the tabulation is available. In the meantime, however, Girl Scouts should be proud to know that the story of the Clothes for Friendship drive to help European boys and girls will be told to thousands of readers in the United States and Canada by the Book of Knowledge 1949 Annual. It will be part of a story of the Girl Scout movement which relates some of its outstanding accomplishments—the Clothes for Friendship project being one of them.

• **A Girl Scout troop** in Springfield, Ohio, has been working on a millinery project—with the attractive results pictured just above. Each girl made her own little cap of felt, buttonhole-stitched with a contrasting color wool, and ornamented with cutouts of felt and decorative buttons. The crisscross straps and ties are matching grosgrain ribbon. Brownies when they made the caps, the troop has since flown up and all are now enthusiastic Intermediates.

• **Is your Girl Scout troop treasury looking peaked?** Turn to page 41 for information on how you can put it in a really healthy condition by selling **AMERICAN GIRL** subscriptions to your friends and schoolmates. For every \$2.00 subscription you sell, your troop keeps 75¢! Look on page 41, and ask your leader about it, too.

• **Girl Scouts of Troop 7**, Corpus Christi, Texas, have covered themselves with glory in the cause of fire prevention in their native city. It all started when the Fire Marshal came to one of their troop meetings and put on an impressive demonstration of the dangers of fire. Then, when Fire Prevention Week came along, Troop 7 pitched in and entered a contest, in which Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls took part, for the elimination of home fire hazards. Each organization was offered two awards of \$25, one to go to the troop making the most inspections for fire hazards, and the other \$25 to be divided among the five individuals who rolled up the largest individual totals. Participants were given check sheets listing possible fire dangers around homes, and the rule was that no inspection visits should be counted unless the homeowner promised to correct all existing hazards discovered. When it came to awarding the prizes for Girl Scouts, it was Troop 7—with a grand total of 979 inspections and promises—who walked off with them both. The members voted to give their collective prize of \$25 to their Council Established Camp fund, to improve the swimming pier. The five girls who won the single prizes pooled their money and bought an American flag, a troop flag, flag staffs and standard, for the troop. And they had enough left over to take the whole troop on a roller-skating party!

Any Girl Scout who would like to start a similar project may write to the Program Department, Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44 St., New York City for copies of the Girl Scout Home Safety Check List. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

for them, riding in Army trucks or jeeps up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, which was lined with thousands of people. Girl Scout Nurses' Aides were assigned to assist at Red Cross Hospital tents located at several points along the parade route, and were fascinated to see the equipment, and the speed with which emergency calls were answered and treatments given for faintings, nausea, and other minor ailments. After it was all over, the Seniors went home to soak their tired feet, just as thousands of other people in Washington were doing, but they felt they had in a small way upheld the reputation of Senior Service Scouts by contributing to a memorable day in the history of their country.

• **International Friendship Troops** and other Girl Scouts who may have been in touch with Girl Guides abroad will be interested to know that CARE is now sending seeds to Europe, so that hungry Europeans can raise some of their own food. The seed packages cost \$4 each (delivery guaranteed) and each package contains twenty-eight varieties—more than three pounds of tested vegetable seed. From these seeds, hundreds of pounds of much-needed green vegetables can be raised—enough to take care of a family of eight for weeks. Each seed packet is printed in fourteen European languages, and each has been planned carefully by agricultural experts, with the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. The package may be ordered for delivery in Austria, Belgium, Italy, France, Greece, Poland, the American, British, and French zones of Germany, and all of Berlin. (They are not available for the British Isles.) Orders will not be accepted after April 15. If you or your troop want more information about CARE's seed project, send for the special illustrated seed folder. The address is CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York City 4, and folders may be had free of charge in any quantity needed.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END

## Headline News in Girl Scouting



Henry M. Barr

• **Here's late word from Washington, D.C.** on the exciting part played by Senior Girl Scouts of that city in the January Presidential inauguration ceremonies. Nearly one hundred Senior Scouts, asked to assist the Inaugural Committee with some of its many duties, reported bright and early at inauguration headquarters. Some of the girls remained at headquarters for telephone detail, answering a thousand and one questions about the ceremony and the parade. Others sat at long tables, registering, assigning badges, and giving out lunch tickets to a long line of Boy Scouts, who were among the 2,300 persons registered to assist along the parade route. A third group of Senior Girl Scouts were assigned to commissary trucks, packing and delivering lunches and milk along the line of march, and reports say that there were a lot of thrills



"Uncle Bruce's Nursery," a Cleveland radio program gets a helping hand from Girl Scouts who care for children of shopping mothers

Upper left: Cleveland Scouts have critical charges in "Uncle Bruce's Nursery" as they help children on and off with their coats

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Rush to me my "UP-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery \$2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

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## Conservation Piece

(Continued from page 37)

out." This is the heart of the matter. Girl Scout conservationists are learning the part nature assigned to human beings, and are playing it well.

## CONSERVATION QUIZ

1. Erosion is:
  - a. A plant fungus.
  - b. Washing away of soil.
  - c. A tree disease.
2. A diversion dam is:
  - a. A dam made by beavers.
  - b. A dam that has been put up to make a swimming pool.
  - c. A dam built to prevent loss of soil.
3. A matlock is:
  - a. A special kind of padlock.
  - b. A tool used in logging.
  - c. The lock of hair on a horse's forehead.
4. A sapling is:
  - a. A common weed.
  - b. A North American bird.
  - c. A young tree.
5. Which one of these four is not a tree?
  - a. Poplar.
  - b. Fern.
  - c. Ash.
  - d. Coconut.
6. Which of these is not a mammal?
  - a. Weasel.
  - b. Chipmunk.
  - c. Kangaroo.
  - d. Lizard.
7. Which of these is not a flowering plant?
  - a. Lilac.
  - b. Anemone.
  - c. Hibiscus.
  - d. Lichen.
8. From what part of the world did these flowers originally come?
  - a. The petunia.
  - b. The tulip.
  - c. The daffodil.
  - d. The geranium.
9. Is the toad harmful or good for conservation?
10. Most forest fires are started by human beings. True or False?

## ANSWERS

1. (b) Washing away of soil.
2. (c) A dam built to prevent loss of soil.
3. (b) A tool used in logging.
4. (c) A young tree.
5. (b) Fern.
6. (d) Lizard.
7. (d) Lichen.
8. (a) South America.  
(b) Armenia and Persia.  
(c) Europe.  
(d) South Africa.
9. Good. Toads, like snakes, feed on insect pests.
10. True. People are careless with matches and cigarettes, and too many times leave a campfire only half out.

THE END

## Lucky 'Leven

(Continued from page 35)

the group, and every one of them saw it with Madelon's eyes when I told my story. The Lucky 'Leven was dissolved almost before it began, and every girl promised to turn up with the man in her life at the S.A. lecture and dance. But there was one girl who wouldn't be there—Claire Carr.

On the afternoon of the lecture I made one last try. Of course when I'd told Claire in the first place about breaking away from the party, I'd given her Madelon's story and tried to make her understand. But Claire had been too stirred up about her own concerns, and it hadn't done any good. Now she'd had time to simmer down a little and I had a last card to play.

When I rang the bell Claire herself came to the door. I felt a little sick over the stony look in her eyes. There wasn't a single word I could say that would change her mind, so I did what I'd come to do and walked home, feeling miserable about the whole thing.

At the lecture that night Madelon sat on one side of me and Bill Hendrickson on the other. He'd brought a date for Madelon and everything was working out fine, except the way I felt. I practically developed a swivel in my neck looking around to see if a miracle had happened and my last effort had brought Claire to the lecture. But though I watched everyone who came in, Claire didn't show up and I knew I'd lost.

Of course the boys had no idea what had happened and Bill must have thought me pretty poor company that night. Madelon understood, and once in the middle of the talk she reached out and gave my hand a little squeeze.

The Viennese doctor wasn't at all the bore Claire had predicted. The auditorium was a lot quieter than it usually is when our high school listens to a speaker. A couple of times girls' handkerchiefs went dabbling at pink noses, and even the boys weren't above blinking their eyes more than once.

But through it all the lump of ice was hard inside me. It hurt a lot to lose a friend. But it hurt even more to be—well, disillusioned about someone I'd admired so much and couldn't ever really admire again.

I didn't know how I was going to stand the dance that was to follow the lecture. When we filed out of the auditorium to go over to the gym, all I wanted was to slip away and go home. But I couldn't, so I stiffened myself inside to stick it out grimly.

Just before we reached the gym, a boy who was on the "Clarion" touched my arm. "Hey, Peggy—she wants you right away. Upstairs in the 'Clarion' room."

I didn't have to ask him who "she" was. I explained sketchily to Bill and the others, and rushed for the nearest stairs.

The door to the editorial room was open and Claire sat at the typewriter, her fingers flying. She had on her harlequin glasses with the blue rims and looked very serious and literary. She glanced up and saw me, but she didn't smile.

"Sit down, Peggy," she said. "I've got to get this story down on paper while it's fresh. I arrived late, so I missed the first part of the lecture. How about giving me the high spots?"

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. Maybe Claire could do a right-about-face in one breath, but I couldn't. I felt

dizzy with bewilderment, and I didn't know what this was all about.

Claire waited a minute, and then, when I didn't say anything, she took off her glasses and stopped looking like an editor.

"I guess you're right, Peggy," she said. "I thought maybe I could bluff and pretend nothing had happened. But I can't. I don't really want to."

She left the typewriter and perched herself on a corner of a desk, swinging her legs. Now that the glasses were off I could see a touch of pinkness around her eyes. She began to talk to me quietly, telling me what had happened after I'd left that box at her house early in the afternoon.

"I didn't open it right away," she said. "I didn't mean to open it at all, but after dinner curiosity got the best of me and I carried it up to my room. I took out the things you'd packed in it and I read your card asking me to imagine that these were all the clothes I owned."

She paused a moment, tapping the blue plastic stems of the glasses thoughtfully against her teeth.

"Peggy, I did more than that. I put on the shorts and that old shirt and stood in front of a mirror. And somehow I—I felt I wasn't good enough to wear them. So I got back into my own clothes and came over to school as quickly as I could. But of course I was late and missed part of the lecture. I won't blame you if you decide not to help me, but I'd like awfully to make this the best story I've ever written."

I knew she would, too, and I didn't mind missing part of the dance to help her. Because I knew that this time she was going to write a story, not for the glory of Claire Carr, but for something big, outside herself. I felt very satisfied, because I knew now just how big she was. It was a good feeling to go to work there in that little room, helping my best friend.

THE END

## Facts on Figures

(Continued from page 16)

among them the development of the breasts.

Usually this development is slow, and most girls find that the process is very gradual over two years or more, although in some cases the breasts grow much faster. As you develop, you should change the kind of bra you wear. But whatever foundation garment you choose, be sure it's comfortable and not constricting. If you guide yourself by this, you probably won't wear an incorrect garment.

It's understood that a girl with a real figure problem, such as fundamentally poor posture, serious over or under weight, or other physical difficulties, should go to her doctor for advice on corrective exercises, diet, or other treatment. But the normal, healthy teen-ager will most likely be all right if she remembers that key word "comfort."

In setting out to choose a brassière or a girdle, if one is necessary, from the great variety available in the stores today, take the advice of the expert corsetières, who say, first of all, "Always try it on!"

Next, be sure you know what kind of garment is suited to your type of figure. For this, too, you'll need the guidance of an

(Continued on page 42)



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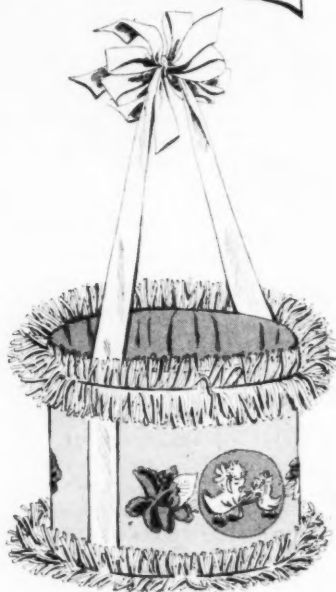
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Wear a gay, crepe-paper hostess apron at your Easter party! Dress up the family dinner table with bunny nut cups, and deliver your Easter eggs in a hanging basket. Gala Easter fillips are easy to make. Here's how:

#### Apron

You'll need spring-green, yellow, and orchid crepe paper; paste; scissors; and soft cotton sewing thread. For skirt of apron, cut two Easter eggs from the yellow paper (16" with the grain x 12½" across). Paste these eggs together so that you have a double thickness. Use paste sparingly over a small section at a time, to prevent wrinkling. For the apron bib, cut two smaller eggs (9" x 7½") and paste together. Now, stretch a strip of green crepe paper (3" wide across grain) diagonally across large egg, and paste down. Make a similar 1½" wide green diagonal stripe across small egg. Leaving ½" space on either side of green stripes, paste on 1" orchid stripes. With large stitches, sew 1" orchid paper strips for sashes near top of large egg (see sketch) and sew or paste skirt and bib securely together. An orchid paper bow on bib will hide the safety pin, needed to attach apron top to dress.

#### Bunny Nut Cup

Small paper nut cups; spring-green crepe paper; bunny cutouts; paste; and #1 spool wire are needed. To cover cup, cut a strip of crepe paper across the grain, about ⅝" wider than height of cup. Apply paste to

cup, and stretch paper around it, flush with bottom. Paste end down. The paper will turn in neatly over cup top. For fringe, cut strip of green paper across grain, about 2" wide, allowing 20" in length for each cup. Fold strip into eight equal sections, pin through center, and cut narrow fringe on both sides of paper, leaving about 1" uncut through center between fringed edges. Then open strip, re-fold in half, first crosswise, then lengthwise. Now shirt center fold over a knitting needle until it is proper length to encircle cup. Slip wire into fold (to replace knitting needle) and place fringe around cup, twisting ends of wire together. Paste bunny cutout to fringe, and tie a bright ribbon bow to his neck!

#### Hanging Basket

Have on hand yellow, spring-green, and orchid crepe paper; #1 spool wire; paste; 2" of narrow pink ribbon for handle; Easter seals; a one-quart ice-cream container (about 4½" high.) To line basket, cut 7" wide strip of orchid crepe paper and paste to top outside edge of container, so that paper extends upward. Then turn down into inside of basket, easing bottom fullness neatly and securing center bottom with a seal. Cut a 7" yellow strip now, and stretch tightly twice around outside of container, flush with top. Paste sparingly. Pleat surplus neatly toward center of bottom, fixing with seal. Cut pink ribbon in half and paste one piece to top and bottom on each side of container (see sketch) and tie tops together in large bow. Using method described for bunny nut cup, make fringe, using two strips each 2" wide and 40" long, and attach to top and bottom of basket with wire. Add Easter seals to sides.

THE END

## Facts on Figures

(Continued from page 41)

experienced saleswoman, who will show you several of the type which is best for you, from which you can select the particular style you like. Tell her whether you want the bra or girdle for sports, for everyday wear, for evening gowns or other special dress. Examine the material and the workmanship; be sure the fabric is sturdy if you want the garment for everyday; see whether seams are flat and well-finished, without bulges or rough edges. If you're buying a girdle, always sit down several times during the trying-on period, to be sure that it will stretch enough for comfort, and doesn't pull your flesh.

In choosing a bra, you'll find that most stores have an assortment especially designed for your "junior figure" type. For your first bra, you'll probably want a very simple, lightweight bandeau of white cotton or nylon net, with a fairly high, rounded line, which is good for sports and for everyday wear. If the breasts are small, of course you may not need a bra at all.

As your breasts develop, you may want a bra with a supporting band all around, or just below the bust cups. And when full development has taken place, or if your breasts are inclined to be pendulous, you may be fitted best with a bra that perhaps has special under-bust reinforcement—such as stitching inside the cup—and a wide, supporting band designed for diaphragm control.

Strapless bras for bare-shoulder sports or evening dresses are made in many different materials, and have varying ways of staying put. Here proper fit is absolutely essential to your peace of mind as well as to your looks and health. The fitter will give special attention to correct cup size, width of your back, magnitude of your rib case, amount of flesh around your diaphragm.

**N**OW let's turn to the problem of buying a good girdle. Again, be sure you're selecting the right type for your figure and uses. Most girls in their teens have small, high waists, narrow hips, and fairly firm flesh. If you're this average type, you don't need restraint and probably will find that a lightweight, pull-on girdle of rayon, cotton, or nylon, combined with elastic in a stretchable mesh, is all you need to present a smooth front and a gently rounded posterior. You can buy this kind either in the straight girdle or panty-girdle style. Some girls of this type may not find a girdle of any kind necessary.

Your family doctor probably would give you a very definite "Don't" in the matter of wearing round garters, which interfere with circulation, tend to make the veins protrude, and may lead to serious trouble. If all you want is something to hold up your hose, try a fairly wide garter-belt which doesn't bind your waist or pull down on your hips.

If you're bothered by some special problem, you'll need extra care in choosing your girdle. The usual teen-age figure problems are a protruding tummy or a slight roll at the diaphragm; fleshy thighs; or hips a little too heavy to be in proportion.

For these problems, try a long-waisted girdle with additional support at the abdomen, such as is given by a front panel of

satin, with side panels of the elastic mesh material.

Once you've made an investment in at least two sets of good foundations, take care of them, so that they will last longer and look neat and pretty while they do last. The main point is to avoid over-long use or strain—by frequent, refreshing launderings; by prompt repairs; by putting on the garments correctly. For example, do you know how to put on a bra? Simple, you say? Well, yes, if you do it this way:

First, slide the straps over your shoulders, then bend forward to get the cups in place properly, next straighten up and fasten, giving the elastic in back a downward tug, but being sure the front doesn't ride up. And finally, make certain the straps are flat and even, and adjusted to a length that is snug but doesn't cut.

Getting into a girdle should be simple, too. But to some girls it's a tug of war, because they've never learned the trick of folding the girdle in half, turning the top toward the bottom, then stepping into it and drawing the lower portion into position before rolling the top part up gently. Never pull a girdle on by tugging at the top; it can't stand the strain.

Even if foundation garments don't look soiled they need laundering, to guard against weakening of the fabric by perspiration oils. So give them frequent baths—in the case of panty-girdles and bras, after every wearing. When washing, be gentle. Never soak more than ten minutes, and don't scrub. Try rubbing soiled spots with a soft, sudsy brush, and squeeze the warm water through the fabric. Rinse several times in clear, tepid

water. Next, roll garments in a Turkish towel; don't twist or wring. Gently re-shape.

Dry them flat on a towel, or hang double over a rod or clothesline. Never hang by garters or straps, or you'll distort the shape. Many girdles or bras don't require ironing, and in any case, remember to use only a warm iron on the fabric parts while still damp, and never let the iron touch the elastic sections.

A combination of good posture and gentle control through foundation garments ought to insure your good line. But if you're really in earnest about the basic problem, there's more you can do. For example, try this gentle waist-whittler:

Stand straight, with your feet a few inches apart and arms out at shoulder height. Bend slowly to the right as far as you can, right arm falling in an arc and left arm rising in an arc until it rests against the side of your head. Straighten up. Repeat, bending left. Do this several times, with smooth, rhythmic motions.

For a hip-smoother or a thigh-slimmer try this one:

Lie on the floor, face up, with your arms stretched out over your head, flat on the floor. Bring both knees up close to your middle, then roll over on your right side, slowly straightening your legs as far as they will go. Return to the original position and repeat, this time on the left side. With practice, this will become a series of easy motions, with most of the effect felt in your hips and thighs.

Easy? As we said before, a trim, attractive figure is a matter of control.

THE END

## Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 13)

to live with Mother until my house is fixed up." Abruptly he signed himself as usual, "Respectfully your old friend, Natán Ortega."

Sniffing and dabbing away angry tears, Elena threw down the letter and stamped on it. Then she picked it up and stuffed it into her dress. A fine love letter! He'd marry her simply to keep her from making an idiot of herself! Oh, what an answer she would write! So hot it would frizzle those frowning eyebrows of his!

That night she wrote her reply over and over, till doña Lucita came to the door and stood there, hanging between her crutches. "Is this a letter to the President," she asked, "that every word must be just so?"

Elena scowled and said nothing.

"To whom, then?"

"To Natán. He thinks I should have no friends at all."

"Better wait to write it till your eyes are dry and your hands are not shaking with anger," doña Lucita advised gently.

Without a word Elena stuck the spoiled letters into the fire and got ready for bed. Days passed, and still she had not written a suitable answer to Natán. Mirador was working at top speed, making ready for its fall fiesta. The weather was perfect, and the pressing seasonal work was of a pleasant kind—picking, drying, canning fruit from laden trees and vines, husking corn, stringing bright red peppers to dry. Even the labor of cleaning, plastering, whitewashing the saint's chapel was crowded in gaily.



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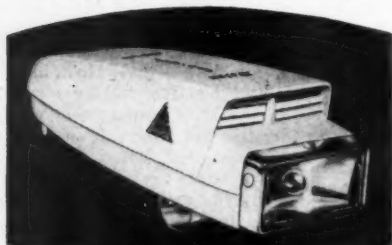
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The night before the fiesta brought a surprise. Emilio walked in on his family. Dona Lucita rose so quickly that her crutches clattered to the floor. Chepé whined with joy, and there was great kissing and chattering. Had Natán come? Doña Lucita asked the question, and Elena listened tensely for the answer. Yes, Natán, his mother and sisters, and Rosa's new Anglo husband, but they were having supper with relations.

"I suppose you brought the pretty Anglos, too!" Elena cried, her face flaming.

"What pretty Anglos?" Emilio asked abstractedly, staring at her. "Elena, what have you done to yourself? You look so much thinner and prettier! How could you change so in two months?"

Don Cirilo sat gazing at the boy with trembling lips and wet eyes. "When did you say Natán was coming?" he asked.

"Speak of the angels—" The words came drawlingly from the door, and in spite of herself Elena whirled around to look. He could stay only a minute, Natán said, for he must take his mother to her aunt's house, where she would spend the night. His eyes kept returning to Elena as he spoke. Whenever she glanced his way she met those intense dark eyes, and though she wanted very much to look at him, she didn't quite dare.

The only personal word Natán had for her came as he went through the door. "What have you done to yourself, Elena?" he asked in a puzzled voice. "You look so different—and yet so much alive—"

That was something. When doña Lucita was in Emilio's room, turning down his bed, Elena jumped up on a chair to study herself in the mirror. It was true that incessant work had reduced her solid roundness. She hopped down guiltily as her grandmother's crutches approached.

The fiesta next day was like other fiestas. First came church. The chapel was as clean as soapuds, fresh adobe, and whitewash could make it. Flyspecked paper flowers had been replaced with fresh ones. The altar boys in their starched lace and muslin looked scrubbed and shining and virtuous, their little mouths hanging open as they tried to make the right moves and failed.

Elena's eyes soon found Natán's mother, doña Inez, his sisters, Rosa and Juanita, and

Rosa's Anglo husband. The girls, and even tubby little doña Inez, were smartly dressed. Rosa acted as coolly detached as a tourist, and she and her Anglo husband smiled and nudged each other. Elena suspected them of smiling at the paper flowers, the sad, thin faces of the saints, their lace and silk garments. Even Juanita giggled, and Rosa's Anglo shifted his weight with exaggerated weariness, as if unused to churches without seats. How they would laugh if they ever saw doña Lucita's braids pinned to the Santo Niño's back!

After church, people lingered, chatting, among the old stones and wooden crosses of the graveyard. Doña Inez held Elena off and studied her with round eyes.

"Little cousin Elena!" she cried. "Child, how pretty you've grown!"

"Everyone's your cousin in this hick town," Rosa told her husband. "How goes it, Elena?"

Juanita was less patronizing. Clinging to Elena, she chattered in English and Spanish. "Why don't you come to Pueblo and get yourself a job, Elena? Life in Pueblo—it's something!"

With these city dwellers Elena felt awkward and ill at ease. Fortunately for her composure, Emilio grabbed her arm and piloted the group out of the graveyard. "Don't stand chewing the rag!" he said. "Let's show Rosa's *hombre* what goes on in the home town. Me, I'm going to get Lady and try my luck in the rooster pull."

His mare, Lady, had been idle in his absence, and Emilio came nowhere near winning, but he did not seem to mind. The riders spurred their horses across the square, raising clouds of dust and yipping joyously. Each in turn threw himself outward and downward at a mad angle to grab for the knotted rag which was buried in place of the rooster of the old days. Juan Duarte was the winner. When he had regained his saddle he galloped onward, waving the "rooster" and rolling his eyes at Elena.

Soon the dancing began. "Natán!" someone shouted. "Have you forgotten how to dance the *jarabe*, Natán Ortega?"

Laughing, Natán shook his head. "But I have no hat! Have no sash! Have no girl-maybe!"



Someone sailed a huge beaded sombrero toward him. Someone else pulled off a long red sash and passed it over the heads of the crowd. Natán's eyes traveled teasingly among the girls as he wrapped the sash around his slim waist. Elena drooped her lids, angry with her heart for beating so slowly and heavily.

And then Natán seemed to catch sight of her. "The señorita Trujillo!" he cried, as if surprised. "Senorita, will you honor me?"

The next thing she knew she was in a cleared space, dancing with Natán! Her bright cotton skirt ballooned about her flying body, her hair spun a web around her, and for a minute she seemed whirled to the stars. Then, looking up, she caught Natán's frowning stare, and remembered how he had always treated her like a troublesome child for whom he was responsible. Was he still treating her that way? She clamped her parted lips shut and stared coldly back at him.

Now her growing anger lent wings to her feet. Lightly the two circled the hat, touching it with quick toes as they passed. Proudly Elena pirouetted at the end of the red sash, turning, turning, till she was wrapped in it and being drawn, head high and mouth unsmiling, toward Natán. The spectators clapped noisily when she eluded his hand in a final taunting pirouette, but Natán flashed her another angry look and swung around toward Felicia, who was close at hand, ready to coquette with him.

"Not bad! Not bad!" cried Rosa's Anglo. "Bet you can't do that well, Rosie!"

Rosa shrugged. "Anybody can dance well with Natán. He's really good."

Elena boiled again. Would nothing make them admire her? But wait! Only wait! Elena herself had waited expectantly for someone to mention her part in the clinic, but no one had. All the better, perhaps. Surely they would visit the clinic tomorrow, and then it would burst on them with a shock of amazement that she, Elena, was no longer a troublesome, gawky girl, but a personage, a leader.

Dancing with Joe, she talked vivaciously, so as not to have to look at Natán's crow-black hair above the vivid swirl of Felicia's curls. Joe danced somberly, but he grew happier as she talked, and during an intermission he pulled a letter from his pocket.

"Doña Benigna gave me this letter for you, but I was tempted not to let you have it," he said, turning it so she could see. "What's Dr. Garcia writing to you about?"

Managing to hide her amazement, and hoping that Natán had heard, Elena airily opened the letter. "Oh, it is nothing important," she murmured.

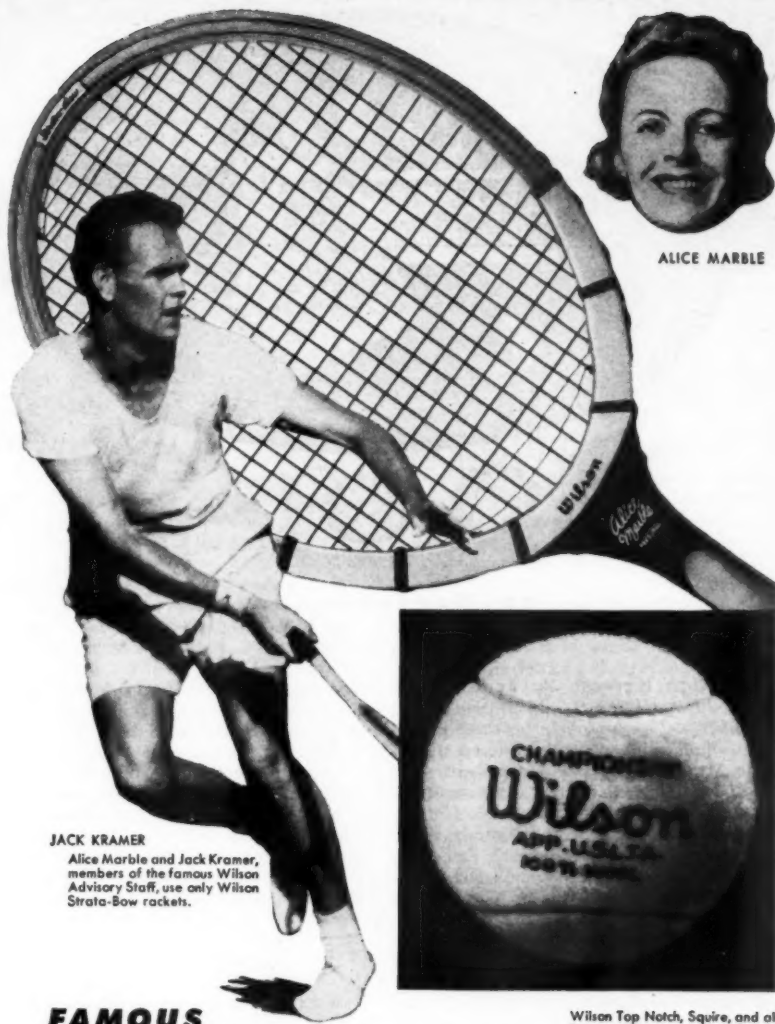
But it was important. Dr. Garcia wrote, "The hot weather has given me a slight illness. Furthermore, I am excessively busy, so I must forego the clinic Wednesday. Please inform patients, if necessary."

Elena looked dazedly at the postmark. It had been mailed Sunday in Taos. Dr. Garcia had not allowed for the loss of time in getting the mail from Española to Mirador. Thoughts crowded into Elena's mind. Raquel! Isabella had said that even a week could make a difference to Raquel. Natán. He would go back to the Anglos never knowing what she had tried to do for Mirador. She must make the doctor come.

"Joe," she asked breathlessly, "could you take me over to the Ranger's telephone? Don't scowl so. It's only about the clinic."

With suspicious eyes on the letter, Joe

(Continued on page 47)



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# IT'S Wilson

TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



by Marjorie Cinta

**High Harvest.** By ELIZABETH N. LOW. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*, \$2.50. "I see no help for these people and recommend no help be offered them," wrote Mr. Andrews, the Government man, who was planning to resettle a community of Vermont farmers on more profitable land, so that their mountain farmsites could be given over to a reforestation project. Zan, who loved every foot of her mountain home, was passionately determined the Government project should fail. She and Will Leatherby, who loved the mountain and all the wild creatures in its woods, understood that there were compensations for the lack of money and streamlined modern methods in the beauty and satisfaction of their way of life. But it seemed impossible to convince Mr. Andrews, or for the farmers to hold out when it was so hard to make ends meet. Zan was almost beaten in her heroic struggle to pay the taxes on her own land. Two plans on which she had set her hopes, and which meant backbreaking work, came to nothing. She had so much trouble of her own she almost forgot Mr. Andrews and her fight to save the community. But she kept on because, like her Vermont ancestors, she wouldn't admit she was beaten, and it was her zeal and understanding that finally brought Mr. Andrews to see the light. Vermont and its people are brought to life for you in this book. There is plenty of action and suspense in the working out of the story. You will enjoy the romance, the fun of fairs and sugaring off, and remember Zan, Will, and the Holdens for a long time.

**A Cup of Courage.** By MINA LEWITON. *David McKay Company*, \$2.50. This story is one for those older girls who complain that books for young people too often picture a world of sweetness and light quite false to the real life to which they must adjust. It deals honestly and forthrightly with a heartbreaking problem. Brook Falter, the heroine, must face the fact that her charming and successful newspaperman father suffers from the disease of alcoholism. The realization comes to Brook at

seventeen, when she begins for the first time to acknowledge the real meaning of incidents she remembers throughout her childhood. Her mother's death leaves the girl without the comfort and protection on which she has leaned. Her brother faces the family problem with a man's equanimity, but to sensitive Brook it is a horror to be hidden carefully from everyone. An opportunity is presented to run away from it all and make her home with relatives. It is because she works her way to a courageous acceptance of the situation that her father gains the sense of responsibility which helps him to recover. The happy ending hints at romance and a career for Brook, working to discover and prevent the cause of this disease.

**Here's Looking At You!** By EMILY WILKENS. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, \$2.50. Perhaps you read the article in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* about Emily Wilkens, so you know how she became famous for her collections of clothes especially designed to appeal to and fit teen-agers. She has had many fashion awards, and her once revolutionary ideas about teen-age clothes have become part of the fashion world. In this lively story of how she transformed her average teen-age sister into a smart, poised, and glamorous young lady, Miss Wilkens gives you the benefit of her fashion sense and training, her personal experience, and her system for training young fashion models. She tells you how to look your best, how to acquire that smooth, bandbox look, how to streamline your wardrobe and your closet and bureau drawers. "The girl in the mirror is certainly a discouraging specimen," said sister Barbara of her own reflection. But big sister Emily assured her that many a cover girl had been less glamorous at the start of her career, and proceeded to outline a program. Barbara learned that a hairbrush, a cake of soap, a sewing kit, and an iron are more important than a shelf full of cosmetics; that it's not how much you spend on clothes but how wisely you buy them. There were times when she wailed desperately, "Gosh, it sounds like a lot of work." But by the

time she had learned, and practiced until they became second nature, the cleanliness and exercise routines, proper diet, how to organize her closet, to plan and care for her wardrobe according to her big sister's fascinating clothes chart, she found she had become one of the most glamorous and popular members of her class. "I've never had as much fun as I have since I started on this project," she declared. "It's wonderful to know that you practically can make yourself over into whatever you want to be, if you try." How about you? If you would like practical help in making yourself over, Emily Wilkens' book is a good place to get it.

**My Favorite Stories.** EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY. *Dodd, Mead and Company*, \$2.75. Maureen Daly, as perhaps you know, is an Associate Editor of the "Ladies Home Journal" and conducts the subdeb page for that magazine. When she was fifteen, she won fourth place in a "Scholastic Magazine" contest with a story entitled "Fifteen." The next year she was first with her story "Sixteen," which was selected for the annual O. Henry Memorial Award volume. Her novel, "Seventeenth Summer," written while she was in college, was chosen by the judges of the Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship Contest. Now she has selected and edited her favorite short stories for this book for teen-agers. The authors include Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Parker, Graeme and Sarah Lorimer, Ruth Suckow, Jessamyn West, and others. Some of the stories are old favorites by famous authors, and some have been published only recently by authors who are just beginning to see their work in print. Miss Daly has written a brief biographical note about the author as an introduction to each selection. Each of the stories is about someone young, and each is memorable in its own way. You may find a favorite among them—perhaps in "The Boy Who Loved Bergman," "Advice to the Little Peyton Girl," or "Operation Orchid."

**A Girl's Treasury of Things-To-Do.** By CAROLINE HOROWITZ. *Hart Publishing Company*, \$1.25. Do you ever mope around the house, sighing for something interesting to do? Then you are the very girl for whom this book was written. For it offers simple, easily followed directions for any number of projects you can embark on alone, with your best friend, or a group of girls. You don't have to spend money, for most of the things can be made from materials usually found at home. Most of the things are fun to make, and take shape rapidly. Such things as spice sachets, lapel vases, lapel dolls, corsages, bookplates, picture frames, paper-plate wall masks, puppets and puppet shows, stage designing, novelty jewelry, potato-stamp printing make interesting projects for girls of any age. There are directions for an easy, inexpensive doll's house and furnishings you could make for yourself or a younger sister. If you do any daytime baby-sitting, you will find any number of valuable suggestions for entertaining your small charges. You and your best friend will want to try your hands at silhouette portraits, making and using a private phone, learning a sign language for secret communications. The last section lists amusing games to play at parties or other occasions your crowd gets together.

THE END

## Elena Finds Tomorrow

(Continued from page 45)

turned to walk toward his parked truck.

At the Ranger's station Elena tried vainly to get Dr. Garcia over the crotchety telephone. Not at the hospital. Not at his boarding place. Should the operator try again in an hour? No, Elena could not wait an hour. In desperation she called Miss Bates and gave her the message.

"Raquel's mother has promised to bring her tomorrow—Oh, definitely. Miss Bates, it is so important! Can't you get the doctor to come?"

Sick with uncertainty, she hung up the telephone. Miss Bates had said, "Honey, that's easier said than done! But I'll try."

She fidgeted when Joe detained her at the home stile, but when he spoke she stopped fidgeting and stood somberly still.

"Elenita," he pleaded, "can't you tell me yes?"

He was good, she thought, with a rush of gratitude. He had admired her even when she looked her worst. He was kind and he liked her very-very much. "Thursday," she promised, "I will say yes or no."

By Thursday she would know what to do. For it seemed to her that everything in her world depended on the clinic tomorrow.

(to be concluded)

## Atomics for Teens

(Continued from page 11)

forces on the one side, the constructive on the other. Girl Scouts in Cincinnati, after careful briefing by experts, worked after school for some ten days, helping interview 2500 spectators at an Atomic Energy Exhibit in an attempt to poll public understanding of the new science. In Tulane, California, science classes prepared charts and models for school-corridor displays on atomic energy. Over a national radio hookup in October, three girls and two boys—all teen-age New Yorkers—were the Brainbusters in a question-answer panel session, emphasizing the social and economic aspects of atomic energy. In Springfield, Missouri, senior high-school pupils sponsored a three-day "Atomic Energy Institute" of films, speakers, panels, forums, and discussions for their whole com-

munity. Quincy, Massachusetts, English classes find selected atomic energy titles on their reading lists. And at the Atomic Energy Exhibit prepared for New York's Golden Jubilee Celebration, three hundred teenagers from advanced science classes volunteered to undergo training and help man such highly technical exhibits as a miniature atomic furnace, a Van deGraaff Generator, a community diorama of the atomic age, and mechanical hands for radiological workers. They explained and interpreted each exhibit with complete success to an inquiring public audience.

No matter where you live, it should be possible to find a way to learn more about atomic energy. As you proceed, I believe you will find many adults—parents, teachers,

librarians, perhaps your local newspaper, radio station, and adult civic clubs—ready to help you uncover source material and, in fact, eager to learn along with you.

With adult help, you might be able to arrange for a visit to a near-by research laboratory, or to collect outstanding books and pamphlets on atomic energy for circulation through your public library. At the end of this article you will find a list of movies which make a fine starting point for a community atomic-science forum. If you are on the editorial board of your school magazine, consider a contest for the best student article on such a subject as the "Prospects for the Peacetime Uses of Atomic Energy," or "The Necessity of International Control of Atomic Armament." For school assembly programs, perhaps you will be able to secure a speaker on atomic power from a neighboring university or industrial laboratory, or put on an original dramatic skit based on the lives of pioneers in atomic science. Selected atomic terms, you will find, make interesting spelling-bee material, and certainly an atomic-energy bulletin board—with space for clippings, photographs, maps—is within the reach of almost any science classroom or club.

Once you begin, you will find the possibilities are almost unlimited, and I hope that in the groups to which you belong you will take the lead in developing them. In other words, I hope that you will both learn and teach all you can about this new peacetime force which can mean so much to you.

As you go about this business of acquiring knowledge of atomic energy, it will be well to remember one thing: whether your future is dark or bright depends not only upon how much you know, but how you use what you

(Continued on page 49)

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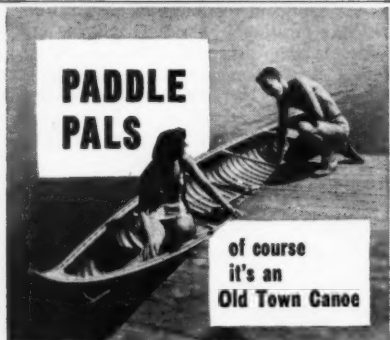


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# Jokes

## IN THE FRYING PAN

**SHE:** I wonder who invented that superstition about Friday being an unlucky day?

**HE:** Oh, some poor fish.

Sent by ANITA KLATT, Chicago, Illinois

## BROTHERLY INTEREST

**JUDGE:** Have you ever been in trouble before?

**GANGSTER:** All I ever did was to rob my kid brother's bank.

**PROSECUTOR:** Your honor, he didn't explain that his brother is cashier of the Fifth National.

Sent by GLORIA MUSTO, Centerport, New York

## APPROVAL

A freshman, on his first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse his check. He wrote, "I heartily endorse this check."

Sent by MARILYN EGGERSTEDT, Fountain, Michigan

## MISS MILQUETOAST

**LITTLE GIRL:** Is there a train going north within the next hour?

**AGENT:** No, there isn't.

**LITTLE GIRL:** Is there a train going south then?

**AGENT:** No, there isn't.

**LITTLE GIRL:** East?

**AGENT:** No.

**LITTLE GIRL:** West?

**AGENT:** No.

**LITTLE GIRL:** Then I guess it's safe for me to cross the tracks.

Sent by LUANN BLESSMAN, Toledo, Ohio

## DEAR ME!

A man ran into a doctor friend who had his head in his hands and was groaning. "I've got to see a doctor."

"But you're a doctor," said the man.

"I know," replied the doctor. "But I charge too much."

Sent by JANET TANNER, Russell, Kansas

## BAD WEATHER

**MARY:** What's worse than raining cats and dogs?

**JANE:** Hailing streetcars and busses.

Sent by JANET FROST, Fairview Park, Ohio

## HARMONICS

One day a piano tuner was boasting about his two sons to a customer.

"How do you tell them apart?" he was asked.

"I pinch them," was the reply. "Herbie yelps in high C, and Willie is a full tone lower."

Sent by NORMA MORTON, Pleasantville, New Jersey

## POOR FATHER

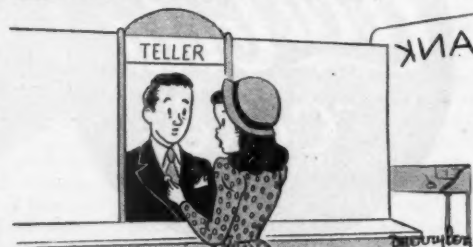
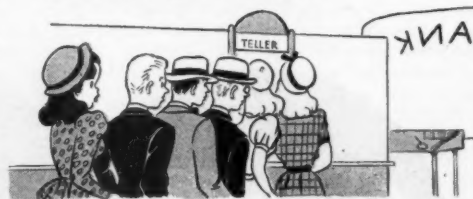
A mother hen was scolding one of her chickens and said, "Why, if your father could see you now he'd turn over in his grave!"

Sent by CLAUDIE CATALOGNE, West Los Angeles, California

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

## LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"Do you have two nickels for a dime?"

## Atomies for Teens

(Continued from page 47)

know. Greater knowledge is, I think, the key to the future, but greater knowledge alone is not enough. There must also be a greater understanding among the peoples of the world. There must also be a greater faith in humankind, and a faith in the purposes of the Creator of the universe. With knowledge, understanding, and faith, the atomic age—the age in which you will live—can become an age of mercy, happiness, and hope—one of the blessed periods of history.

### Brief List of Readings on Atomic Energy

*Energy Unlimited; the Electron and Atom in Everyday Life*, by Harry M. Davis. Murray Hill Books. \$4.00.  
*Explaining the Atom*, by Selig Hecht. Viking Press. \$2.75.  
*Mr. Tompkins Explores the Atom*, by George Gamow. Macmillan Company. \$2.00.  
*Dawn Over Zero*, by William L. Laurence. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3.00.  
*Hiroshima*, by John R. Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$1.75.  
*A Symposium on the Use of Isotopes in Biology and Medicine*. University of Wisconsin Press. \$5.00.  
*International Control of Atomic Energy; Policy at the Crossroads*. U.S. Government Printing Office, publication 3161. 45¢.  
*Young People's Book of Atomic Energy*, by Robert D. Potter. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.  
*Picture Book of Molecules and Atoms*, by Jerome Meyer. Lothrop. \$2.00.  
*Early Tales of the Atomic Age*, by Daniel Lang. Doubleday. \$2.75.

(For a more extensive reading list, write to the United States Atomic Energy Commission, Washington 25, D. C.)

### Films

*Atomic Energy*—This is a pure science film, a simple introduction to atomic principles, including fission and chain reaction; 10 minutes, 16mm sound; Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

*Atomic Power* (March of Time)—General interest treatment of the fundamentals of nuclear physics and the events leading to the wartime American production program. Included are re-enactments of important scientific meetings and experiments; 17 minutes, 16mm sound; March of Time, Forum Edition, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

*Operations Crossroads*—An official Navy film in full color of the Bikini tests. 27 minutes, 16mm Kodachrome, sound; free (rental), Motion Picture Section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

*Tale of Two Cities*—Hiroshima and Nagasaki; 20 minutes, 35mm or 16mm sound; free (rental) available through U. S. Army Signal Corps Film Libraries.

*One World or None*—General interest film dealing with the crucial nature of the atomic problem. The narration is by Raymond Swing; 9 minutes, 16mm sound; Film Publishers, Inc., 25 Broad Street, New York 4, New York.

(Most of the films listed above may be obtained from local or regional libraries, colleges, universities, and commercial rental agencies as well as at the source named.)

THE END



### OUR APRIL COVER

Once again our cover girl is piquant Betty Braley, a Greenwich, Connecticut, high-school student with a great interest in fashion. She thinks the sunny months ahead are the best time of the year—maybe because her favorite hobbies are swimming and outdoor dancing. Future plans for Betty include more part-time modeling for magazines as well as a college career.

Betty's choice for a new spring cotton, Pettiten's feminine "lavender and lace," is made of crisp, cool, Bates' Picolay. Note the shirred basque waist, delicate eyelet bib, and the full gored skirt. It comes in young-teen sizes 10-14, for about \$11, at the stores listed.

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Dey Bros. & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.

Filene's, Boston, Mass.

Halliburton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

S. H. Heironimus, Roanoke, Va.

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Howland Dry Goods, Bridgeport, Conn.

Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.

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# In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

## Moon Lore

How often have you told a small child that "The moon is made of green cheese," or recited "The man in the moon came down too soon," or remarked that "It's sure to rain—there's a ring around the moon"? Probably you've laughed about these sayings, but without realizing how deep are the roots of moon legends and superstitions.

We know today that the moon is a dead planet about 238,857 miles away from the earth, pitted with craters ranging from a mile to one hundred miles across; with high mountains; and great oceans covering much of its surface. But to the ancient Celts, the moon was a man with long black hair, a hooked nose, and shoes turned up at the toes, while the Norsemen called the moon Tyr, the one-armed man.

Long ago people came to the conclusion that certain phases of the moon coincided with the tides on the earth, and they were right. They also believed that the moon was responsible for the weather, and tried to predict rain or sunshine from its appearance. But modern weathermen know that the appearance of the moon is the same in all parts of the earth, even though one region may be enjoying balmy weather while another is in the grip of a raging blizzard.

To people of olden times the phases of the moon—new, first quarter, full, and last quarter—symbolized birth, growth, age, and death. Hence anything undertaken when the moon was new was thought to be lucky, and many of these superstitions persist to this very day. Crops planted in the new moon are supposed to prosper; many people cut their hair or fingernails when the moon is new, for good luck; if you wish on a new moon, your wish will come true—will grow, with the moon, from a wish to a reality.

Probably the most enduring legend is that which connects the moon with romance: marriages at the time of the new moon are supposed to be happy, and the happiest time of a marriage is held to be the "honeymoon." But romantic or not, who can deny that a full moon on a spring evening is one of nature's loveliest sights?

## As Others See Us

Thirty-four teen-age "ambassadors"—students representing seventeen Marshall Plan countries—arrived in New York just after Christmas for a ten-weeks visit to the United States. They came as guests of the New York Board of Education and the Metropolitan School Study Council, and to take part in the fourth annual New York Herald

Tribune Forum for High Schools, which was broadcast coast-to-coast on March 5.

On their arrival, each student was assigned to live in the home of an American student of the same age. For the first month the visitors attended school with their hosts and hostesses, and joined in their home life and activities. Then they took off on an aerial tour of the country, which they nicknamed "Operation Christopher Columbus." They attended high-school games and dances, toured Hollywood studios, ate bear meat and venison at a ranch barbecue, and

found the American people "gay, industrious, and enthusiastic." And he added, "There is something that I found to be common in both American and Greek boys and girls—it is their will to struggle and create. It is their hope to build a new world, a better world; to live in peace and happiness."

## Umbrella-Wise

If you were caught in an April shower and were to borrow a 2,000 year old umbrella from the nearest museum, probably no one would give you a second glance as you went down the street. For in all these centuries this useful article has changed hardly at all.

Your borrowed bumbershoot, of course, would be made of wood, oiled paper, or even leaves, instead of nylon and steel. But it would collapse, would be lightweight and opaque, and might have twelve to twenty-four ribs.

No one knows who carried the first umbrella, but it is believed to have originated in very remote times in the Far East, where it was regarded as a mark of distinction. In Siam the privilege of carrying an umbrella was granted by the king to only a few people; and in China, when the emperor went hunting, servants carried twenty-four umbrellas in front of him to symbolize his high rank.

Ancient Greek vase-paintings and terra cottas show Grecian women carrying umbrellas as protection against the sun, and Cleopatra is said to have had one made of golden cloth.

Despite its ancient and honorable history, the umbrella was ridiculed when first introduced to Western Europe. When Jonas Hanway first appeared with one on the streets of London in 1750, small boys threw stones at him. But the French liked the new gadget, and a Frenchman of Lyons suggested that people might jump from burning buildings with the aid of two umbrellas!

When it made its first appearance in America, a Philadelphia newspaper declared it "ridiculously effeminate," while on the other hand, a doctor announced that "the use of an umbrella will help prevent vertigo, epilepsy, and sore eyes."

Although many people have their favorite umbrellas covered and re-covered—Neville Chamberlain carried the same one for forty years—about twelve million new ones are produced every year in this country. But though manufacturers have developed all sorts of novelties—even umbrellas for Fido—they haven't figured out a way to bring the umbrella back after you've lent it! THE END

## CIRCUS QUIZ

Sixty-five years ago this month, the five Ringling brothers organized their famous circus. Let's see what you know about "the Big Top."

1. What famous member of a circus was less than three feet high?
2. What circus was considered one of the Wonders of the World?
3. What circus animal "never forgets"?
4. Where is the Museum of the American Circus?
5. Name a song about a circus performer.
6. What is it that circus audiences eat and feed the animals?

## ANSWERS

1. Major Tom Thumb
2. Circus Maximus
3. The elephant in Rome
4. Sarasota, Florida
5. "The Moon on the Flying Trapeze"
6. Peanuts

were received in Washington by President Truman.

One of the most exciting parts of their tour was unscheduled, for the travelers were caught in the Midwestern blizzards. At Denver they saw C-47's and C-82's being loaded with hay for starving cattle, and later flew over some of the stormbound areas.

The visitors were unanimous in their comments on the noise and speed of American cities. But many of them were thinking along more serious lines.

"I have had a great respect for the progressiveness of Americans since I came here," said Rosemary Nugent, of Dublin, Eire. "Everyone seems ambitious and anxious to get on. With a high-school education available for all and a college education for many, it seems that any man can get on if he works hard enough, regardless of his class or his background."

Anthony Demetriades, of Greece, said he

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Really neat for fun! Combed cotton yellow basque shirt is fast color, washable, and has a bee-u-tiful flock emblem! Small, medium and large. 8-268a—1.35

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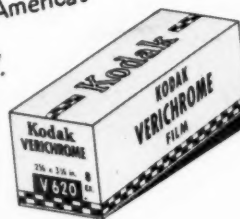
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